**THE NEGRO WRITER AS SPOKESMAN . . . By Harry A. Overstreet**

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by Aldous Huxley
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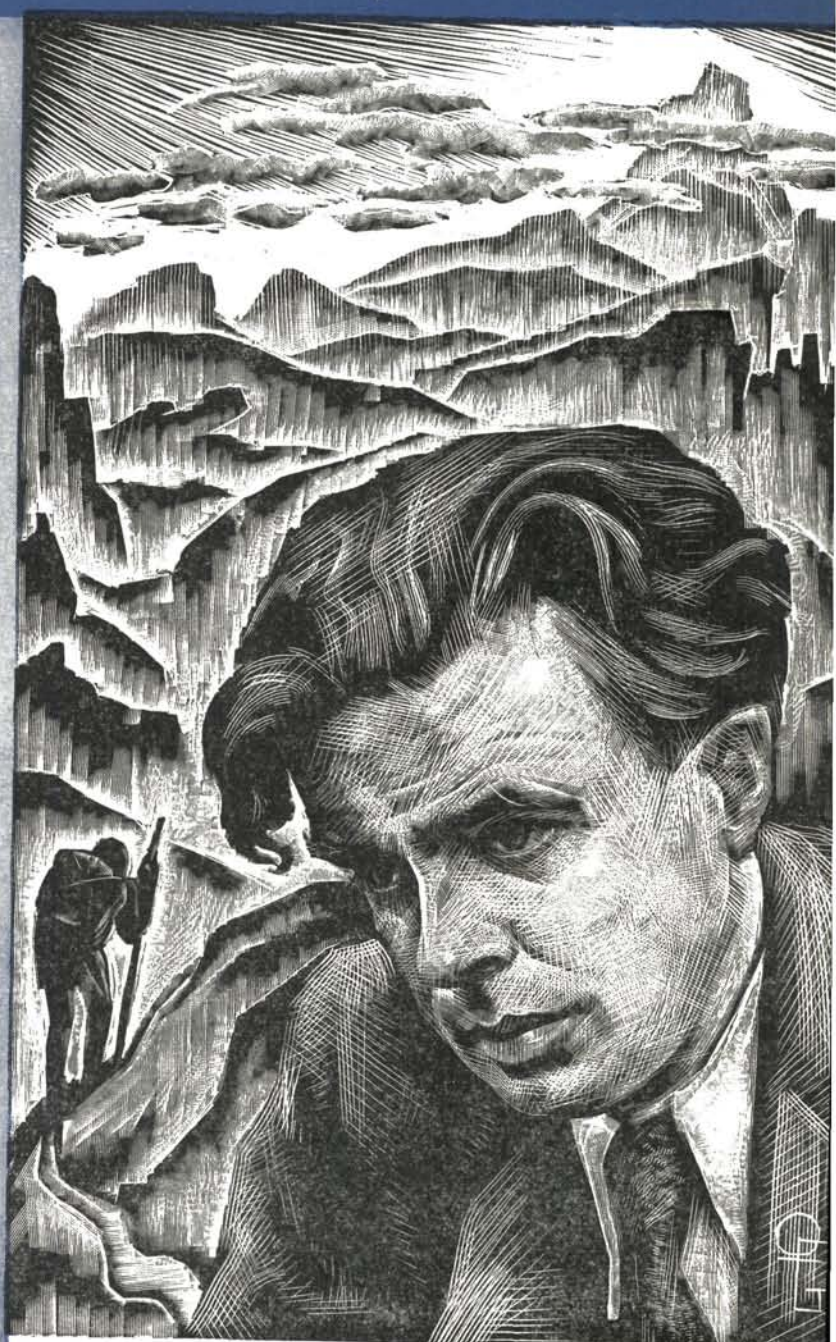

*—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S new novel is full of entertainment, and some of the carnal kind. . . . (See page 7)

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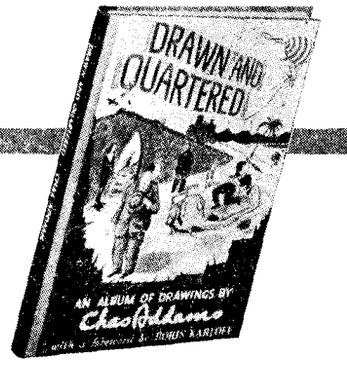






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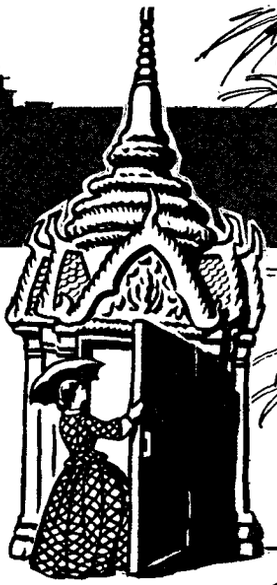

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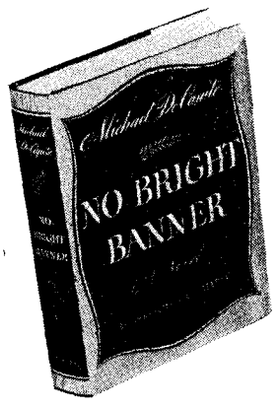


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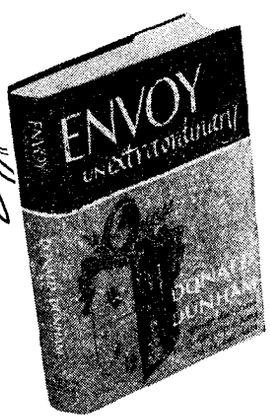


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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# The Negro Writer as Spokesman

## *Disentangling His Race from the White Man's Pattern*

HARRY A. OVERSTREET

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second and concluding article by Dr. Overstreet on the opportunities for constructive thinking and writing on the problem of the American Negro.*

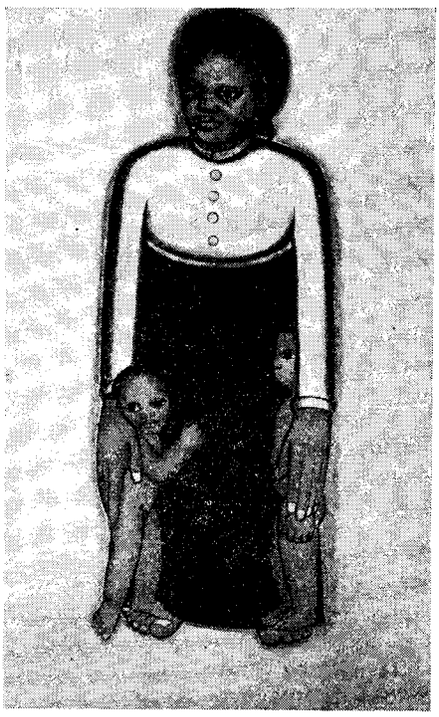
THE Negro writer of fiction is inevitably a spokesman for his people. He is not free to write what he pleases. Such freedom is reserved for the whites. It is of little moment if a white novelist depicts white characters who are wholly despicable. Every white reader knows that such characters are in a minority and that the white race as a whole will go on quite safely in spite of them. Not so if the Negro writer depicts Negroes who are despicable. The white reader will be likely to shake his head: "Nigger blood. Bad business."

The Negro writer, therefore, has a double obligation: to truth; and to the effect upon his readers of the particular truth he selects. He dare not take the position that since all that is human is his novelist's province, he has a perfect right to describe scoundrel Negroes if he so prefers. He does so at peril to his people. For every scoundrel Negro he describes gets magnified out of all proportion into a person supposedly typical of all Negroes. He may think he is presenting an honest picture of just one scoundrelly person; but inevitably his honest picture of one individual is falsified into a type, and becomes a hurt to his people.

Must he therefore be dishonest in his portrayals? Must he whitewash his characters? Obviously not; for truth is a wide domain. Many kinds of individuals make up our human society; and there is no cosmic compulsion upon the writer to choose one kind or another. He can choose the characters that will do his people honor instead of hurt. If he actually cannot find such characters among his own people then the whites must be right in what they say about the Negro. It is up to the Negro writer to prove that they are not right.

A Southern poet and planter*—who, while maintaining the Southern anti-Negro bias, was nevertheless a wise man—wise in his honest puzzlement—wrote as follows about his own Southern whites:

> To live habitually as a superior among inferiors, be the superiority intellectual or economic, is a temptation and hubris, inevitably deteriorating. To live among a people, whom, because of their needs, one must in common decency protect and defend, is a sore burden in a world where one's own troubles are about all any life can shoulder. To live in the pretense that whites and blacks share a single, identical culture and way of life is not only hypocritical but illusory and obfuscating. And, last, to live among a people deceptively but deeply alien and unknowable guarantees heartaches, unjust expectations, undeserved condemnations. Yet such living is the fate of the white man in the South. He deserves all the sympathy and patience he doesn't get. Poor as his results have been, they are better than any wise realist could have anticipated.
>
> It is true in the South that whites and blacks live side by side, exchange affection liberally, and believe they have an innate and miraculous understanding of one another. But the sober fact is we understand one another not at all. Just about the time our proximity appears most harmonious something happens . . . and to our astonishment we sense a barrier between. To make it more bewildering the barrier is of glass; you can't see it, you only strike it.



**Defiant, by Sargent Johnson.**

Here is a proud Southerner who confesses he just doesn't know these colored people. He is too honest and intelligent to repeat the Southerner's catch phrase (made chiefly for Northern consumption) that he alone "understands" the black folk. Also he is too intelligent to think of the Negro as only a black counterpart of the white man. He feels that the Negroes have a folk pattern of their own; that, had they been given the chance, they would, in all likelihood, have built a society far different from ours. They are an alien people. What, he asks in perplexity, are they? What are the things they care about? How do their minds work? What are their loyalties; their ideals? What are their own puzzles about life? What, in short, are they *in themselves?*

Here, it would seem, is one clue for the Negro writer of fiction. Does he know his own people (or has he become so much part of his white environment that he writes like a white)? Does he know the deep-down soul of his people? Does he know them in more than their surface qualities of gaiety, devil-may-care, frustration, improvidence? Can he describe them to us who are on the outside and who want to know?

It is a difficult task; for the Negro in a white environment is much of what he is because of what the white environment has made him to be—some of it good; some of it bad. Can

*William Alexander Percy: "Lanterns on the Levee," p. 298.



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he and the environment be disentangled?

The temptation has been to make the admirable Negro something admirable after the white man's pattern —even to respectability, safe earning power, and upper class manners. Does this describe the Negro, or only a whitened edition of him? The real difficulty is to present Negro character as admirable but different; yet different in such ways as to win our confidence and affection. Writers treat Swedish, French, British character in this way. Why not the Negro? Is it so different that it cannot be made harmonious with our own pattern?

White and colored are now committed to building a society together. The white man created the Negro problem; he cannot alone uncreate it. Whatever Negroes might have become or remained had they stayed in Africa, they are now not Africans and presumably never will be again. They are Americans, as permanently and basically as any other people. No discussions of their differences from us will be worth the time they take unless these discussions recognize the common task ahead of the two peoples. This common task, however, cannot be worked out in mutual ignorance. We must know the Negroes as surely as the Negroes must know us. We must know them in their essential Negro character—not as poor imitations of whites, nor as "niggers" made vicious or ludicrous by white environments. The society we build together may well require the Negro's contribution: more than his spirituals; more than his jazz. It may need something which he can offer, but which we whites are as yet unable to describe to ourselves—something to offset the sheer, rigid individualism and unconcern of our own society. Perhaps the Negro has something. Perhaps he could contribute it if given a chance. Perhaps we would want it if we could know what it is.

This is a largely unexplored area. Anthropologists and historians have delved into the Negro's past; but the chief image they have succeeded in building has been that of a "primitive" folk. There has been little in these explorations to encourage white Americans to believe that the Negro would be a valuable addition to his culture. We now need another kind of exploration—not into the past but into the present of the Negro. What is he now, beneath his surface appearance? What would he be likely to be if white restrictions were removed?

It may be that much of value is to be found beneath the surface appearance of the Negro. Or it may be otherwise. Perhaps the word "primitive" is the only word that will properly describe him. Perhaps in his very essence he is "savage" and will so remain. If this is so, we ought to know it, for it will make the course of the Negro problem run more smoothly, even if less hopefully for the Negro. But there is much evidence to show that beneath the surface of what the whites have made of him there is a Negro character rich in quality and possibility. It is this that should be explored. In other words, we now need a psychological approach to supplement the historical and anthropological. And then we need fiction writers who can make what is of peculiar promise in the Negro come alive in characters that win our admiration and affection.

**Negro Mother, by Lasar Segall.**

This is the most difficult and important task that confronts Negro writers of fiction: to interpret their people to us and to themselves. Pending the clarification of that task, however, there would seem to be at least seven kinds of Negro that might serve as fictional characters to build an image convincing to whites and a source of pride or at least understanding to the Negroes.

The first is the Negro who is the victim of conditions created by the whites. Richard Wright has presented such a type in his "Native Son." The character of his Bigger Thomas is terrifying; but the fact of his evil environment, for which the whites must take the largest share of blame, is so obvious that no reader can miss it. Bigger Thomas is not to be disposed of as just a "bad nigger"; he is a victim—of conditions created by the white man.

Every story of this kind helps to build up a very specific image—of the *made-by-the-white-man-Negro.* If whites can be persuaded to keep that image in mind, so that whenever they see a Negro, they inevitably see a "made-by-the-white-man-Negro," a great step ahead will have been taken. For the strength of the anti-Negro prejudice among whites is the assumption that the Negro is just naturally primitive, savage. Thus the Southerner is not accustomed to believe that he himself and his Southern society have had the largest part in making the Negro what he is. If the Southerner could begin to see the Negro as "made-by-the-South," he might have less pride in his own people and more sympathy for this black man whom his people have created. The same goes for the Northerner who condones Northern Negro slums and Northern anti-Negro practices.

We are entering a time when "environmental conditioning" is a concept that, however worded, is beginning to be familiar to most people. Story writers can help the spread of this concept by showing the relation of the acts of their characters to the conditions under which they are forced to live. As the fact gets about that the Negro is a "made-by-the-white-man-person," it is likely that the whites will look with some concern upon their handiwork. Hitherto they have been able to put the burden on God: He made the Negro (there are whites who still tell of the curse that God put upon the sons of Ham, a curse which they assiduously help God to carry out). Now, however, if "environmental conditioning" is a psychological fact, the whites must take the blame themselves: they, not God, have made the Negro outcast.

The second kind of Negro who might well be publicized in fiction is the skilled Negro. Skilled hands and brains don't jibe with savagery and barbarism. They don't jibe with shiftlessness; nor with low mentality. The image of the skilled person fits well into the kind of society we are trying to build. Let the white man begin to think of the Negro not as the crude, shambling creature he has visualized, a creature able to do only the most brutalizing work; let him begin to think of him as a person with fingers that are delicate in touch; eyes that can distinguish the finest differences; ears that can measure the slightest variations in sound; brain that can organize and carry out a complicated system of operations, and the old "barbarism" image, relic of the slave days, begins to be neutralized. This black man, we begin to see, need not be on the outside of our white man's world of skill. He can be as expert as the rest of us. The only bar to his usefulness in our society, then, is our own unwillingness to let him in.

When all our traditional excuses

(*Please turn to page* 26)



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# From Time into Eternity

*TIME MUST HAVE A STOP. By Aldoux Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1944. 311 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

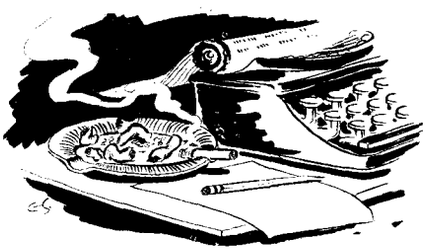
ALDOUS HUXLEY'S intelligence is one of the liveliest and best informed of our time, but for its possessor intelligence is not enough. Back in the twenties, in the days of "Chrome Yellow" and "Antic Hay," it seemed that it would be; it seemed that the author of those books, and the ones to come after, would find the exercise of intelligence in the service of literature a satisfying way of life. But even then he was beginning a pilgrimage of which the successive steps have become increasingly apparent: a pilgrimage from flesh to spirit, from pride of intellect to humility of intuition, from selfhood to selflessness, from time into eternity, from lonely separation to union with the Absolute. That many or even most of the pilgrim's contemporaries are incapable of believing that this journey is anything but a dream-sequence, or an elaborate exercise in self-delusion, does not necessarily disprove its reality: it merely and surely proves the limitations that obtain in the field of knowledge during what Sorokin calls a sensate age.

In "Time Must Have A Stop" the author makes explicit through fiction a number of the lessons that he himself has gradually been learning, and in the history of his hero, Sebastian Barnack, he roughly parallels certain stages of his own progress. But those who read for entertainment rather than edification must be informed hurriedly that Mr. Huxley's new novel is full of entertainment, and some of the carnal kind. Always master of the literary strip-tease, he employed it at first, at least apparently, for its own sweet sake; whereas he may now argue that he uses it only to entice customers into his spiritual tent. In any case, he still handles sex with the familiar skill that has often exhibited more than a hint of salacity. Mrs. Thwale, with her dove-gray dress and her look of an Ingres madonna, is one of his most distinguished vessels of female concupiscence, and the passages devoted to her lust, which she wreaks upon the surprised Sebastian, are telling although brief. More extensive entertainment is furnished by the play of the author's wit upon a variety of vulnerable objects, and by the addition to his gallery of one more fine fictional portrait—that of Uncle Eustace, a pleasant old swine from the sty of Epicurus.

When we meet Sebastian, in 1929, he is seventeen and a poet, with the face of a Della Robbia angel. Born into the fourth generation of high-minded, low-living Barnacks who have devoted themselves to human progress and the business of advancing it, he is interested not in good works but in good words. He lives in the imagination, his gospel is the gospel of poetry: "In the beginning were the words, and the words were with God, and the words *were* God. Here endeth the first, last and only lesson."

At this stage of his development, Sebastian goes on a visit to Uncle Eustace, who years before has outraged his brother and sister by "giving up what everybody said was a most promising career in radical politics to marry a rich widow with a weak heart, and retire to Florence." Uncle Eustace is now himself a widower, and his Florentine sty is furnished with all the requisites of a full hedonic life. At the moment it also holds Mrs. Thwale, the demure companion of Eustace's ancient mother-in-law. Into this setting steps Sebastian, "a small cherub in gray flannel trousers," and in it, within a few days, he undergoes the crucial and shaping experiences of his life. An evening sufficies to steep him in the worldly philosophy of Uncle Eustace, while rather longer is required for the full revelation of Mrs. Thwale; but the revelation that comes last is the one that does last—the revelation that comes from Bruno Rontini, a holy man in the shell of a bookseller, who is far along the road to saintliness.

This is the message, this is the influence that endures, and when, after having taken leave of the seventeen-year-old Sebastian in Florence, we rejoin him in London for a brief epilogue that is dated 1944, we find that the man of thirty-two is still a poet, and still plagued by the claws of the senses, but we find also that he has already made long strides on the path revealed by Bruno, and is determined to complete the journey. What we know of this Sebastian we learn largely through the pages of his note-book, in which we read such passages as these:



And poetry, of course, is the best that human life can offer. But there is also the life of the spirit, and the life of the spirit is the analogue, on a higher turn of the spiral, of the animal's life. The progression is from animal eternity into time, into the strictly human world of memory and anticipation; and from time, if one chooses to go on, into the world of spiritual eternity, into the divine Ground.

For those of us who are not congenitally the members of any organized church, who have found that humanism and blue-domeism are not enough, who are not content to remain in the darkness of spiritual ignorance, the squalor of vice or that other squalor of mere respectability, the minimum working hypothesis would seem to be about as follows:

That there is a Godhead or Ground, which is the unmanifested principle of all manifestation.

That the Ground is transcendent and imminent.

That is is possible for human beings to love, know and, from virtually [sic], to become actually identified with the Ground.

That to achieve this unitive knowledge, to realize this supreme identity, is the final end and purpose of human existence.

That there is a Law or Dharma, which must be obeyed, a Tao or Way, which must be followed, if men are to achieve their final end.

That the more there is of I, me, mine, the less there is of the Ground; and that consequently the Tao is a way of humility and compassion, the Dharma a Law of mortification and self-transcending awareness. . . .

Now, as there is little doubt that these words speak for Aldous Huxley as well as for Sebastian Barnack, and as Huxley's is one of the most interesting minds of our time, it would seem worth while and even important to determine just what the goal is towards which this mind is traveling, at a time when other excellent minds are turning, not away from the world, but towards the very core of its turmoil, in order to bring good out of evil for the sake of mankind. First, perhaps, it will be informative to list some of the things and principles that Mr. Huxley specifically rejects.

He rejects not only democracy and its claims, but all organized activities for the betterment of man; for he believes that organization leads to power, and that human power is intrinsically corrupt. This means, in sum, that he rejects the ideal of human progress as it is usually conceived and held. He rejects reverence for the past as well as faith in the future, denouncing both as idolatries that substitute time for eternity. He rejects self-reliance in all its forms



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and manifestations. He rejects not only the flesh, but even such a function of the mind as memory, insisting that "memory must be lived down and finally died to" as a prerequisite of perfect union. He rejects all organized religions, along with other communal activities; a rejection, incidentally, that is no *sine qua non* of mysticism, since Theresa remained dependent upon her confessor, while John of the Cross insisted that constant appeal to one's spiritual director was the sole safeguard against delusion. Finally, and inclusively, he rejects humanity.

Having rejected these things, then, what does he seek? In the broadest terms, what the Hindu visionaries, what Plotinus, what the mystics of many lands and ages have sought—direct knowledge of God, face to face, without the action of any intermediary; and after knowledge, union. It is one of the world's oldest desiderata, which finds its most primitive expression in the action of the savage who hopefully eats his chieftain's nail-parings. But what, more precisely, is the Huxleyan version of this mystic union? What exactly does it mean to him?

It means, there now appears to be no doubt, very nearly what it meant to Molinos and Madame Guyon. (Without, of course, their ladder of Christian doctrine. Different men may arrive at the same end by different ways.) Huxley's goal is the goal of Quietism, the faith that brought down upon itself the rigors of the Inquisition and the thunder of Bossuet, that caused Père Joseph to wield furiously "the iron rod of the active life." It is the ultimate excess, or, depending upon your point of view, the final triumph of devoted contemplation. It is the utter resignation of self, in accordance with the teaching of Molinos: a state of mental inaction—a Nirvana—in which there is no thought, no memory, no reflection, no wish, no hope, no past, and no future, but only the eternal present which is the thought of God. It is the uninterrupted—not the briefly vouchsafed—union with Godhead that has always been denounced as absurdly impossible by orthodox believers of more than one religion.

Obviously such a union must be a full-time job, leaving no leisure for earthly matters, whether good or evil—the Inquisitors argued that Molinos's doctrine encouraged the liberated soul to ignore the errors of its own flesh—so it is easy to see why men of action turned angrily upon the Quietists, and it is easy to see why men of at least active thought have already turned upon Huxley. He has been accused of cowardice and intellectual suicide. He has been rebuked for running away from life, for giving aid and comfort to fascism. His attempt to achieve selflessness in God has been scorned as a supreme selfishness. When so many men are dying, when so many men are actively planning, how dare he forswear action? Who does he think he is, anyway?

That he is a fighter lost is obvious enough. Having taken what may seem to many the ultimate step of cynicism, that of denying the value of all human action on the level of humanity—that of asserting that man is nothing until he has achieved sainthood, after which he has ceased to be man—he is obviously not to be drafted into the forces now battling for human dignity and liberty. But, he may ask us: "What is a fighter beside a saint?" And if we reply, "Ah, but there are no saints," then, I think, we can expect no further answer. Nor shall we get very far if we try to persuade him that his personal solution is a purely selfish one, for he will surely tell us that the road he has chosen is barred to no man.

We shall do better, I think, to study the case of Huxley as an important case-history of our time; to trace back to its roots the loathing of humanity and the horror of daily living that have grown upon him; to hunt out and perhaps expose the intellectual disappointments and frustrations that have finally resulted in the announced abdication of a fine intelligence. Such study may shed light upon what is happening not only to Huxley but to others of our generation, for his abdication is only one among many. Few have gone as far as he in flight from the world, but there are numbers who are fleeing. One takes a trodden path, while another fumbles into darkness. Sorokin sees ahead of us a new age of faith, in which the hubris of self-styled "science" will be humbled, and beyond the unread last page of Toynbee's as yet unfinished study of history one can already discern the gleaming walls and spires of the City of God.

Meanwhile, so long as Aldous Huxley continues to write books as good as "Time Must Have A Stop," he is still short of his goal. And he may even, despite his dearest hopes, continue to write good books; for, as Abbé Brémond has remarked, "A pure mystic, a being whose every movement is mystical, will never exist."

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# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

CHARACTERS WHO WERE DISGUISED

For one reason or another, many literary characters have at times assumed disguises. Of the ten briefly described below, how many can you identify? Allowing 5 points for each one you can call by name and another 5 if you can name either the story in which he appears or the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. Disguised as a learned doctor of laws, this bride went into court and saved the life of her husband's best friend.

2. Fleeing from his father's court to escape marriage with an elderly lady, this prince assumed the disguise of a Second Trombone and became the hat passer of a small band.

3. Dressed in a calico gown and a sunbonnet, this runaway boy called on a woman who was a newcomer in his home town to get the latest news about his own disappearance.

4. Disguised as an elderly, deformed bibliophile, this celebrated detective returned to London three years after his reported death in Switzerland.

5. Curious to find out what men were really like, this young girl disguised herself as a cavalier, traveled about France, and encountered some amazing adventures.

6. Because he thought his wife was in the mood to take a lover, this actor disguised himself as a Russian guardsman and wooed her.

7. When the sudden need for a chaperon occurred, this young man, a member of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, disguised himself as his friend's aunt from Brazil, where the nuts come from.

8. Banished from his court by her uncle, the duke, she disguised herself as a shepherd and fled to the Forest of Arden.

9. In the guise of a butler, this bishop entered the troubled household of his brother, a vicar, and brought with him peace and the spirit of brotherhood.

10. Though this sultan was the political enemy of King Richard the Lion Hearted, he disguised himself an an Arabian physician, entered Richard's camp, and cured the King of an Asiatic fever.



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# Dos Passos Reports on U.S.A.

*STATE OF THE NATION. By John Dos Passos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1944. 333 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

ON the jacket of this book there is a note which says: "In an election year—in an invasion year—America leaned over a lathe muttering. John Dos Passos listened and set down what he heard." Inside the book one finds that Mr. Dos Passos set down what he heard from December, 1942, to December, 1943, not in this year of election and invasion. The entries are dated, and the latest dateline is Portland, Oregon, November, 1943. So what we really have is a report on America in the year before election and before invasion.

Broadly speaking, the people with whom Mr. Dos Passos talked at that time haven't greatly changed since then. But there is no doubt that new topics form an important part of their conversation now, particularly in New England, in Detroit, and in the South. Washington is basically the same, though the political current is considerably stronger. In every industrial center there is today an emphasis on reconversion and post-war plans that is only faintly reflected in this report, and that emphasis colors the thinking of both management and labor.

As a report of America preparing for invasion of Europe, however, this is a good job. Dos Passos circled the country, visiting New England, the Deep South, Texas, San Francisco, the Far Northwest, the Upper Midwest, Detroit, Pennsylvania Coal Country, Washington. He traveled by all civilian means, train, bus, plane, and car, and he talked with all kinds of people. He sets down his conversations fully.

In New England he found farmers building ships and doing a good job of it. He found labor-management committees working together in some places, getting nowhere in other places. He found selfishness, of course, and self-interest; and he found municipal reluctance to provide for war workers because the post-war letdown would be hard to take. He found that the war seemed a long way off until one of their own ships was sunk. Then things began to happen.

In the Cleveland area he visited a plant very much in the news a year ago and talked with the boss and watched the wheels go round. From his picture one gets the feeling of evangelism in industry, of production keyed to the fanatic enthusiasm of one man—enthusiasm which gets results, however. Vacations in Florida, twelve-hour shifts, special shoes for the workmen, lunch brought to the man at the job, profit sharing—all that kind of thing. "Men like to work," says the boss. "I do myself. Don't you?"

In Michigan he visited a great, new bomber plant, saw production on a mammoth scale. And he talked with a union organizer who had turned to education and social welfare for the workers, and who said, "This isn't exactly unionism . . . or is it? We've got to do something new and broader . . . Times change, the union has got to be something else again, something like democracy. There's some kind of a pattern in the things we've seen today . . . we're groping our way through it."

In the South he ran onto the race problem in a union office. One man exclaimed, "As if we didn't have enough troubles organizing this pile of muleskinners into decent union men and citizens, without having these long-haired wiseacres come down from Washington to stir up the race question! . . . If they'd only just concentrate on giving the Negro a square deal within his own sphere most of the liberal-minded people in the South would go along." And then a young man said, "We have found that to get fair play for the poor whites we've got to fight for equal rights for poor Negroes. Of course we have to use tact, a great deal of tact. But in the unions, at least, the question has to be met head on."

In Washington he saw a little of everything, the pushing and sweating and the grasping for power and position and influence. And he talked with all kinds of people, including the man in the White House. "I mentioned Congress and strikes and food production. He frowned. A lot of that was politics.

The press was always puffing up the importance of domestic problems. Problems made a great splash at first and gradually they were solved and people forgot them. In the White House they were bored with this way of looking at things. If the war were brought to a successful issue, all these troublesome things would fall into line . . . Only a handful of men had the information on which to base an opinion. It was boring to come back to the petty misunderstandings of domestic problems. They should wait until victory."

In the Pennsylvania coal country he heard a young miner say, "I don't give a damn what anybody says, they ain't giving us a square deal. Sure, I'll go into the army. A hell of a lot easier and a hell of a lot less dangerous work than mining under the conditions we've got today. Let 'em put us in the army and put the soldiers down the mines." And another said, "The trouble with the American pipples is they ain't informed. They don't read enough. They read headlines. They read funnies. They don't read careful." And another: "If we didn't have a big man to look out for our interests that War Labor Board would have us down on our knees begging the operators for a glass of water. It's the tough guys make themselves respected in this man's country, the tough guys and the big winds. Mister, you know just as well as I do."

Out of all these visits and conversations the reader gets a kaleidoscopic picture of America, working, squabbling, scheming, trying to get on with the job, selfish and liberal and big hearted and tight-fisted, but a strong America of endless opinions and countless little objectives. It is when Dos Passos gets close to the land that one gets the firmest impression of solidity. In the Midwest he notes: "Up on the hill here way out of town, in the middle of the winter cold there wasn't a sound. There was the feeling you sometimes get in the Middle West that you are alone on the American continent, that there's nothing but the American continent in the whole world."

There's no summarizing in the book, no clear-cut conclusion. The author presents his picture and lets it stand. This is the America he found—in 1943. One wishes he had been a little less ironic in some of his reports, and less impersonal in his overall observations. And one wishes on almost every page that he would use punctuation, that he would straighten out his sentences, that he would quit jamming words together at random. Some of his sentences are so jumbled as to be grotesque, and some of his word-combinations are silly.



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# Caliban or Samson?

—*From the book*

*LABOR BARON, A Portrait of John L. Lewis. By James A. Wechsler. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1944. 278 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by McALISTER COLEMAN

THE labor reporter for the newspaper *PM,* which prides itself on its liberalism and its sympathies with organized labor, here gives us a rather bewildering portrait of the President of the United Mine Workers of America and the founder of the C.I.O. Though John Llewellyn Lewis is by no means an uncomplicated character, one wonders if the mine workers' head can be quite as complex a personality as Mr. Wechsler makes him. In the opening chapters of the book Lewis is pure Caliban. In fact, one chapter is headed "Blind Giant," which was to be the original title of the book. Then he is Stentor, calling out across the industrial wastelands to bring four million working people under his standards. Again he is Machiavelli, with a dash of Attila the Hun thrown in. Finally he is Samson, sitting in solitude among the ruins he has builded. Rarely in this quick-marching, eminently readable book is he the outstanding labor leader of our times who has gone through hell and high water to get for his rank and file those pieces of paper which are the reasons for being of every union official—the union contracts signed on the dotted lines by both parties to the agreements.

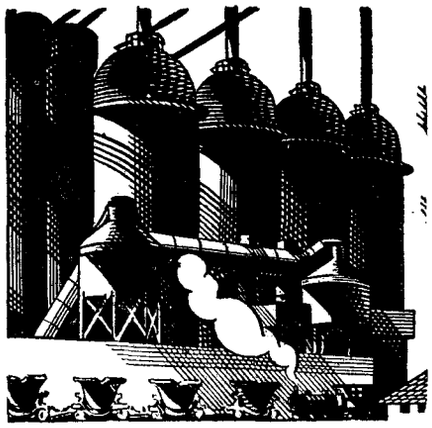
"There was no paucity of theories, speculations, post-mortems," writes Wechsler discussing the strikes in the captive mines of the steel companies on the eve of Pearl Harbor. Certainly there is a richness of theories, speculations, and post-mortems, together with the sort of dream-stuff that fills the pages of *PM* in this "portrait." The author has caught from Washington commentators and the more intimate of our columnists the irritating habit of writing about Lewis as though he (Wechsler) had miraculously ensconced himself behind the shaggy eyebrows and were making notes of what went on back there. So that the reader wonders whether Mr. Lewis really did have in mind the sinister idea of making a negotiated peace with the Nazis in 1939, glimpsing "a favorable refuge for himself in the New World Order sweeping Europe," as Wechsler charges, or whether the note-taker, in his interventionist zeal, might not have misread his shorthand.

Far too great a section of the book is devoted to Mr. Lewis's attitude towards the war. Lewis, of course, was opposed to our intervention as were the vast majority of his miners, and for that matter, the majority of Americans, workers and others, but after Pearl Harbor, he came along, and his organization has given a good account of itself in the numbers of miners in service, in buying war bonds, etc., and most especially in production, this in spite of the four wartime strikes in the summer of 1943. However, having used the word "sinister" in respect to Mr. Lewis's earlier attitude, Wechsler apparently feels obliged to continue in this conspiratorial vein, so that he ranges Mr. Lewis, as did his "liberal" paper, on the side of dictatorial darkness against the democratic forces of sweetness and light in the Administration. Little by little, the impression is built up that it was the inept and fumbling Philip Murray, present head of the C.I.O., who was rallying labor on the production front, while moving darkly in the background, Lewis and the ineffable William L. Hutcheson, president of the carpenters' union, were plotting unnamed but undoubtedly sinister skulduggeries. All this makes exciting reading of the sort that *PM* customers devour, but it doesn't make much sense.

Mr. Wechsler is at his brilliant best when he takes us with him into the mine fields and out of the murky air of trade union politics. He was in and out of the miners' shacks in Pennsylvania when the wartime strikes started on May 1, 1943, and he gives us a sense of the "safety and confidence" which Lewis imparted to his rank and file in those tense days. A sense, too, of the age-old feeling of being apart, isolated from the main streams of American life, left on the cinder patches to be forgotten, which is in the make-up of the American coal-diggers. For them the union is the only visible shield against a world of hostile forces, and quite rightly Wechsler writes: "It was not, for them, a matter of loyalty to Lewis. It was an issue of loyalty to the union they had so proudly made." So an incredulous nation had the breathtaking sight of a half million men acting in disciplined unity under the leadership of one man who has been excoriated in such terms as have rarely been applied to any other man in public life. The author, despite his obvious animus against his subject, is fair enough to admit that there must be something more to a man who can retain leadership of such an organization than a fondness for dark, nocturnal prowlings.

James Wechsler has long since won his spurs in the small company of writing persons who can make what is vaguely called "the labor movement" come alive for the average reader. When he recalls the fact that every trade union official, Lewis included, is measured not by essentially middle-class "public opinion" but rather by his daily performance in relation to the "good and welfare" of the membership of his organization, he is on solid ground. When he indulges in such fantastic interpretations of motives and moves as mar many pages of this book, he is in as full flight from reality as is Westbrook Pegler, on the other side of the fence. Despite all his probings, Mr. Wechsler has not told us with any certainty what makes John L. Lewis tick. All he can say is that the miners' chief is powerful, power-loving, and unpredictable. Which is not exactly news. It is this reviewer's opinion that if Mr. Wechsler had spent more time in the coal camps where the din of union politics is but vaguely heard, and less time around the haunts of Washington correspondents who always think of labor in political terms, he might have painted a more faithful portrait.

*McAlister Coleman has been a writer on labor subjects for the past twenty-five years.*





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# *Strictly Personal...*

## DOROTHY THOMPSON: THE SOFT VOICE OF OMNISCIENCE

ODD this, for me to be writing a *Strictly Personal,* almost completely concerned with Dorothy Thompson. *"Strictly Personal"* is supposed to be concerned with things that one has been thinking about and that lie nearest one's heart. Miss Thompson has never been one of my idols and I seldom think about her at all. I have certainly never before thought of philosophy and Dorothy Thompson in the same breath. But since she has brashly intruded herself on the subject, for once I am compelled to think of Dorothy Thompson and philosophy together. The juxtaposition has all the charm of the exotic and all the humor of the incongruous.

I should, I suppose, feel flattered to have Miss Thompson devote a page and a half of *The Saturday Review* to a castigation of my little review elsewhere of a little book by Croce, a review, which of all the reviews Miss Thompson read arrested her by its egregious wrongness and the fact that its author as a professor of philosophy should have known better. Miss Thompson's writings are usually (which is daily) world saving pronunciamentos on world shaking events, so to have even the attention of her strictures is a compliment of no mean order.

I note in passing Miss Thompson's gibe that I am "a philosopher, at least a professor of philosophy." I have used that easy insult about colleagues of mine in the profession for years, and I put it in print on page 147 of "Philosopher's Holiday," published in 1938.

Now Miss Thompson is, if not a philosopher, at least a columnist. Almost no columnist, with the possible exception of Bennett Cerf, can resist taking on himself the mantle of a prophet. After all, if one writes millions of words addressed to millions of readers for thousands of days, it is very hard not to begin to take one's self as seriously as one takes the world. Nothing is alien to the meditations—or the hysterics of—a columnist. The whole universe becomes the empire of the mind of Westbrook Pegler or Walter Winchell or Walter Lippmann or Miss Thompson. Miss Thompson takes herself more seriously even than most columnists, more than Walter Lippmann or Major George Fielding Eliot. There is nothing she does not know and know better than anyone else. A professor of philosophy—and I do not claim to be more—is supposed to know about philosophy, and I claim to do so. But Miss Thompson claims to know all things, including the entire history of philosophy.

It is rather touching, therefore, and doubtless a subject of self-congratulation, therefore, to be instructed in my chosen field by Miss Thompson. Her six or seven years long ago as a bright girl reporter in Germany and Austria doubtless automatically fitted her out as an expert on Kant and Hegel. One can see that she regards it as part of her duty to correct the professionals in philosophy, as on other days of the week she corrects the statesmen, the artists, the educators, and the farmers. The whole duty of a columnist is to correct in an hour at the typewriter the stupidities of those who have spent their lives in a given field. The columnist in our day is *ex officio* omniscient. It is doubtless very good for me, therefore, to have the benefit of Miss Thompson's helpful though excited ministrations in the instance of my review of the new Croce book.

Miss Thompson is full, as usual, of her crushing crusading. She is a large woman and I imagine she has pounded many typewriters to bits. As usual anyone with whom Miss Thompson disagrees, is not only wrong; he is disreputable. She heads her article, "A Still Small Voice Is Answered by a Loud Mediocrity." The Still Small Voice is Croce. The Loud Mediocrity is I. To be called loud by Miss Thompson is praise from Sir Hubert. To be called a mediocrity by that widely syndicated lady perhaps belongs in the same category. There are two observations to be made on mediocrity in this connection. Banalties are sometimes syndicated to as much as two hundred newspapers, and Miss Thompson might in her virulent moods be described as the liberals' Westbrook Pegler. Secondly, if I am mediocre as a philosopher, I think (as I propose to show in an analysis of her article forthwith) that she would be incompetent to know it.

—*Disraeli*

**Irwin Edman: "The class is dismissed..."**

Miss Thompson ought perhaps out of poetic justice to be dealt with in her own mode of vivacious vituperation. It is an easy game to play as perhaps I have already shown in the preceding. But after all, Miss Thompson's fulminating presumes to teach the public and me a lesson in the history of philosophy and in "humanity and truth." Her points, noisily made, ought to be dealt with quietly, consecutively, relevantly, three virtues Miss Thompson seldom has bothered to display as a writer. I, therefore, at the risk of seeming professorial to Miss Thompson, will try to summarize and deal with such points as are discernible in the emotional lather into which she whipped herself two weeks ago in this department. Her burning words, perhaps, did not burn themselves indelibly into the minds of the reader. Let us begin then with

Point 1. Miss Thompson makes a good deal of the point that I said Croce was a Hegelian and that I used that phrase as a convenient pigeon hole. (She later says that the question is whether Hegel is true or not, not whether he is a German). Croce *is* a Hegelian in essential points. By essential points, I mean that the whole structure of his system, his identification of Being and Thought, his conception of a dialectical unfolding of Reason and History, are all traditional Hegelianism. "Very traditional," I repeat, though Miss Thompson "wrinkles" her fine breathing nose at the phrase. I nowhere denied that Croce had studied and absorbed other philosophers. I said that his philosophy was characteristically Hegelian in its outline and temper, and if Miss Thompson had "some familiarity with his work," instead of merely being impressed by his name (which even Communists know) she would see this to be so (if she can ever see things clearly). Two books that would help her are Croce's "Logica" and "Pratica." Unfortunately, they are translated into bad English. But there is an admirable little book by one of Croce's disciples, R. Piccoli, written and published in English. It is a good simple guide to Croce and would be a



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good elementary introduction for Miss Thompson who, admiring Croce (as I do), may eventually come to care to comprehend him.

2. Miss Thompson claims that Croce's main thesis in his little book is that there are no German ideas, and that there is no nationality in ideas. This is simply not so. Croce carefully notes that there are German ideas, some good and some bad, some of the bad ones a thousand years old. He carefully distinguishes German from Nazi ideas. He admires certain ideas that are historically (not racially) German and some, as he thinks, that transcend history.

It is Miss Thompson, not Croce, who thinks that ideas have no national origins and no national consequences. A columnist has to write so much she doubtless has little time to read, or to read with any care what she does read.

3. If Croce is more Kantian than Hegelian, as Miss Thompson alleges, I shall gladly (no, not really gladly) eat the collected works of both philosophers.

4. As to "pinning Germanism on Croce," it is Croce who calls the chief essay in his book, "Confessions of an Italian Germanophile."

5. Croce's ideas on Germany, says Miss Dorothy, differ from those of Lord Vansittart and Rex Stout and myself. But by elementary logic (which Miss Thompson transcends or has never met) that does not mean that the ideas of Rex Stout and Lord Vansittart and myself are identical. I published over a year ago in *The New Yorker,* a poem attacking Rex Stout and the Stork Club patrioteers quite as virulent as anything Miss Thompson does.

6. "Ideas," says Miss Thompson, "have a life transcendent to nations." True, and a truism. The classic clarity of Greek thought survives happily in our own day, though unhappily not in Miss Thompson. Does Miss Thompson believe there is any gain in talking such nonsense as that there is no Greek thought and never was any?

7. Miss Thompson triumphantly points out that German thinkers have influenced French ones and vice versa. By her quaint reasoning, therefore, it turns out that there are no French thinkers or German ones. German or French in the tradition and palteur of their thought.

8. Hegel must not be condemned, she says, because he is German. His ideas are true or false. Good enough. But I never did condemn him because he was German. I found fault with him because he was the Hegel that proclaimed the Absolute Movement of history with the Prussian state as its apogee in time. I found fault with Croce because he condoned Hegel's central exaltation of the Prussian state in his philosophy and did not realize it has a crucial part of it.

9. Miss Thompson correctly points out French roots of Nazism, in Count Gobinea, for instance. She also says it comes from Darwin and his idea of the survival of the fittest. Has Miss Thompson read Darwin with care—or at all? Space grows short and I can only say summarily that Darwin's idea of fitness for survival in a given environment has about as much to do with the theory of a master race as Miss Thompson has to do with philosophy.

10. Miss Thompson thinks it odd that a philosopher should speak "our ideals." And how they differ from German ones. If there *are* no ideals in the democratic nations different from those of the Fascist ones, what is this war about and what has Miss Thompson been shouting about from platforms these many years? Presumably many Germans *have* disagreed with Western ideals of liberty and culture, of "humanity and truth." Croce suggests they have been disagreeing for a thousand years (almost Lord Vansittart is Croce at this point).

11. It is not Kant's ideas on peace that have survived in the German Universities for a century and a half. It is his idea of the categorical imperative, an absolute in morals nicely adapted to absolutism in politics.

12. Finally, I never questioned Croce's zeal for "humanity and truth." I questioned his sentimentaling over German culture and his uncritical attitude toward it. This seems to me as useless as ferocity toward it. I called him a high minded Germanophile, and I call Sis Thompson that, too, also a loud mouthed one.

I, too, wish governments would listen to philosophers, but critically. Philosophers, like columnists, can be sentimental, wrong, irrelevant, fanatic, pompous, arrogant and silly. Croce about Germany is the first of these three.

The class is dismissed, and Miss Thompson will please go to the foot of the class, beginning next meeting where she wil remain the sovereign of the non-sequitur and the master of the irrevelant.

IRWIN EDMAN.

# The Live-and-Let-Lives

*OUT ON A LIMBO. By Claire MacMurray. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* 1944. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

"IT has always seemed to me that being a woman is lovely work if you can get it," says Claire MacMurray; and this slant, novel to the American housewife, gives warmth and wisdom and pleasantness to the collection of her random essays which have been appearing in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer.* She likes being a wife and the mother of three boys; she likes her friends and neighbors and the clerk in the corner store and the girl who curls her hair; but most of all she is contented with being a woman. For she recognizes that this status is not, as many think, the dreary condition at which females arrive when they can no longer pretend to be girls, but a positive and proud achievement.

Her book in consequence is filled not with regret or coynesses but with a mature happiness enlivened by considerable humor and some wit. It deals with the live-and-let-lives of marriage, motherhood, friendship, and retail commerce; with what Frances Lester Warner calls "the unintentional charm of men," with the child's eye view of the world; even with the more venial sins of women, such as "moving heavy objects by proxy."

But what stirs Mrs. MacMurray most, and must stir all those of her readers who are similarly afflicted and blessed, is her feeling for the not quite small boy. She does not romanticize him; she shows him as rude, clumsy, contentious, of demonic energy, monstrous capacity, horrid ingenuity. There he is, in all his intransigence; and yet in the moments when he is not the devil in person he wrings her heart. For as she watches his furious concentration on learning how to live, the gallantry with which he applies a child's tools to a man's problems, she remembers to what uses are being put the application and gallantry of those who are very slightly his elders. It is hard not to be sentimental in wartime, even about twelve years olds!

Much nicer than its made-to-order title, Mrs. MacMurray's book is like a summer morning spent on the verandah in a small town, friendly, comfortable, and reassuring as one's favorite old clothes.



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# Air Control without Occupation

*KEEP THE PEACE THROUGH AIR POWER. By Allan A. Michie. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 1944. 196 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by

BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

MR. MICHIE establishes his design for living in peace on the evidence from Germany's past and on the present power of the air forces in war. He is optimistic enough to hope that we shall this time learn something from history. More than half of his book is needed for the historical survey of German character, motives, and purpose. It is an extremely well integrated but not particularly new statement of the potential threat to the welfare of the world of an unaltered Germany.

He finds that for a long time the German people have been fed the Herrenvolk pap and they have thoroughly enjoyed it. Very few Germans found this mess nauseating. It had always a wide appeal and nearly universal and appreciative acceptance. Therefore Mr. Michie holds that Hitler and his Nazi crew are not an isolated phenomenon but are typical of the German people. Getting rid of Hitler is consequently no panacea. The entire nation, save for a pitifully small minority, readily follow the lead of our three hereditary enemies inside Germany—the regular army officers, her industrialists, and the Prussian Junkers. Obviously these three components of German militarism have been recognized previously and named repeatedly as the source of Germany's barbarity. We are all agreed that their power and influence must be destroyed. But how?

The steps by which Germany nullified the treaty of Versailles and, long before Hitler, started to rearm should be a warning to us. Mr. Michie's story is convincing and well documented. It should make us not only cautious, but our aroused cynicism towards Germany should diminish our gullibility to the vanishing point.

We must expect history to attempt to repeat itself. But this time we must meet force with greater force. Idealism is a medicine for which the world is yet too ill. Therefore, if we decide force will keep the peace "who will contribute and wield that force and what shape will that force take?"

Since Britain, Russia, and the United States are equally vulnerable to a renaissance of German militarism, self-interest will fortunately tend to unite the three nations in a common policy. These three nations have the strength to keep the peace and theirs is the responsibility to exercise the requisite police powers. Mr. Michie would disarm Germany and prevent her rearmament through well defined measures far more drastic and effective than those of 1918. He is skeptical, however, of the efficacy of an army of occupation or a naval police force to prevent rearmament, except at excessively burdensome cost. He admits his present device is not a new idea, but his thesis and the purpose of his book is to advance as forcibly as possible the proposal to use air power to keep the peace.

Mr. Michie regards the use of the RAF in Iraq as a successful laboratory test of "the comparative ease with which a small air striking force, by bombing or the threat of bombardment, can bring about compliance." He describes several methods as "a tried and proven mechanism for the control of future aggression by Germany in Europe and Japan in the Far East."

The advantages of Mr. Michie's program of air control without permanent occupation is its great economy in men and money. The threat of air bombardment of armament factories could and undoubtedly would stop illegal manufacture of weapons. Japan would be a more difficult problem, but the same method should prove equally efficacious in the Far East.

The paradox of maintaining peace by force is only a temporary expedient. The author merely touches on the fundamental need of "the economic, political, social and moral rebirth of these two main enemy nations," that would destroy in Germany the unholy trinity that promises further aggression. Eventually there may be a new society of nations with an international air police. In the meantime each participating nation retains "a great measure of control over its own force."

This book offers one solution for the most pressing problem that faces the united nations after winning the war. Russia's recently announced support of the plan to keep the peace through air power should intensify our interest in Mr. Michie's thoroughly documented and clearly presented project. His proposal and his thoughtful analysis of the real German menace to peace are a most important contribution to sound thinking in the post-war world.

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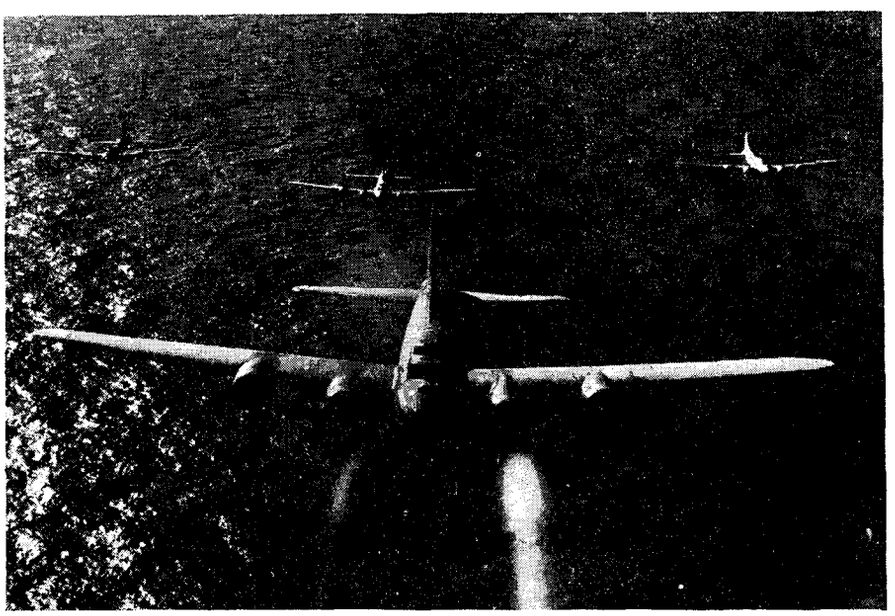
On his recent trip to London, Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, advocated a world circulation library system that would make available important materials to scholars whose regional libraries had been destroyed in the war. Discussing the effects of the large-scale damage to cultural buildings and facilities throughout Europe and Britain, Mr. MacLeish declared that certain losses were absolutely irreparable and that no sum of money, however large, could replace them.

"The only practical way of making materials of this kind available," he said, "is to give them access to materials in the collections of other regions. This would enable scholars in the destroyed areas to draw upon the resources of the great libraries in other parts of the world which still possess their collections."



**U. S. Flying Fortresses over the Mediterranean.**



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## AT WAR IN A WAR FOR PEACE

ONE theme is already beginning to appear ominously in discussion and conversation. It is but a casual intrusion as yet into the general talk of war, but increasingly the notion of escape is abroad—escape from the restrictions of a war-organized regime, escape from the prospect of future concern with the problems of peoples for whom we battle today. We count our pain along with theirs now, to be sure, count it in constantly swelling casualty lists that leave virtually no home which has not had toll taken of family or friend, but deep down in our consciousness lies the knowledge that when once victory has been won there lies before us a period of freedom from the kind of misery that will still engulf our allies and the liberated nations; and hidden in the hearts of too many of us is a wish to be rid of participation in the affairs of foreign nations. It is inevitable, of course, that as the prospect of peace brightens to certainty that the end of at least part of the struggle is near, tension should relax. Human nature cannot indefinitely sustain the exaltation of which it is capable but must weaken from its taut mood as the imminence of danger passes. So it is that there comes a time in the destiny of nations when resolution must take the place of moral excitement and determination carry on without the glamour of the heroic.

Such a time is close upon us. And when it comes the need will be as urgent to build a morale for peace as ever it was to erect one for war. There can be no let-down in the spirit and conscience of the nation. Men must steel themselves still to live with the thought of misery, must still deny themselves to reinstate others, must turn from the pleasant ways of normal living to help the stern needs of spent peoples all over the world. For many a year to come we can have no escape, for many years we must still be at war in a war for peace.

For this war in which we are all enlisted is not a war merely against tyrants but against tyrant ideologies, not a war only against a particular insatiable will to power but against all attempts at any time to enslave men's minds and selves. To win such a war we must build a world which has the will to live, and the will to live cannot exist without the means of living. We can no more divest ourselves next month or next year of the duty of feeding foreign millions if our children and our children's children are to live in a world of peace than we could free ourselves yesterday of the necessity of joining the forces of freedom in fighting for the right to liberty and security. To make the world safe for democracy was once a slogan with which to rouse millions but became the derided expression of tragic failure. But it is to make the world safe for democracy that we must battle again, to make it safe for human nature to look forward with confidence to that better life in which the spirit flourishes because man need not expend all his energy in keeping body and soul together.

The war will be over this year or next, but high taxes and rationing and shortages of material and restrictions on travel will not. The war will be over this year or next but starvation in Greece and the dreadful fruitlessness of the scorched land in Russia and the destitution of bombed out thousands in London will not. Now is the time to take thought for that morrow when peace will have come and the souls of men will yearn for forgetfulness of the misery that preceded it and the fortunate millions of America whose bounteous land has increased its yield under the stress of war will wish to turn its implements to the increase of their own well-being; now is the time to begin to preach the gospel of the peace. Now is the time for politicians to repeat and authors to enforce in fiction and verse and writing of every sort the call to Americans to go on with the war, to continue to regard themselves as involved in all that makes for the well-being and the health of mind and spirit of the nations abroad, to realize that all their spilt blood and lavishly spent treasure and nobly fought battles are of no avail if they slide back into the belief that security can lie in separation from the rest of the world. They must still give, and give till it hurts, not only of their treasure but of their shibboleths and their traditions if the world is to live.

A. L.

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# Hamburg

**By Phyllis McGinley**

THESE are the wounds of war, prescribed and legal:
The eye for the broken eye, the tooth for a tooth.
The just though merciless blow. We need not haggle
Over such evident truth.

Here, for the sower of winds, is the whirlwind-reaping,
Here flowers the seed which fell in Rotterdam.
Consider it only a battle's furious shaping.
Bid the shrill mind be calm.

This city, than Polish cities, was not prouder.
In Coventry's dust as sound the innocent slept,
And Gretchen for her children weeps no louder
Than Rachel wept.

Know that the cause is good, the deed well labeled.
Expedience and not hate laid low this town.
(But who among us to his rest untroubled,
Henceforth can lie down?)



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Grammar at Loose Ends

SIR: In your anniversary number, Bernard DeVoto sets forth that in 1915 the principal universities did not care to give instruction in current American literature. A twin evil persists: they still do not care to give instruction in the science of the living English language. They still, at least in practice, agree with the late Professor Cook of Yale, who said publicly that there could be no scientific study of English unless it started with learning Anglo-Saxon, who apparently thought that if college years were too short to learn Anglo-Saxon well and then go on with a course in modern English grammar, we could dispense with the latter, and who explicitly refused to believe that in such sciences as geology our greatest advances in the knowledge of the past have been made by men who first studied the present and then interpreted the past by what they had learned of the present. English grammar is left to the lower grades, not above high school if going so high as that, whose teaching is as inadequate and untruthful as may be expected where low-grade teaching (my ambiguity is deliberate) is not directed by the influence of studies carried on at a higher level.

We need a science of grammar that can answer such questions as this: Agreed that "It was I that saw him" is good English. Now if "that" becomes the object of "saw," should we say "It was I that he saw" (as the mob of teachers and textbooks will assuredly bid us), or should the personal pronoun conform to the case of the relative, "It was me that he saw" (as I for my part believe to be demanded by good usage)? When I put this question up to Kittredge, he avowed himself unable to give a ruling that could be considered authoritative: the state of usage on this point had not been investigated, so far as he knew.

In that same anniversary number of yours, Mrs. Kingsley can cite no better authority than "a stiff rhetoric course in high school" (the stiffness of a course is no guarantee whatever for its reliability) for the rule she accepts, "to use *that* in a restrictive clause and *which* in a clause of explanation in which *and he, she, it* might be substituted for *which* (with of course a few exceptions)." Of textbooks of too high a grade for high-school use, the most authoritative British one, Onions's "Advanced English Syntax," backs her rule; the most conspicuous and probably most influential, Fowler's "Modern English Usage," thinks it desirable to have that rule but avows that "it would be idle to pretend that it is the practice either of most or of the best writers;" the most authoritative American book, Curme's "Syntax," says that "a number of grammarians recommend" this rule, but that a conflicting tendency "has been growing for centuries and is now often stronger," and tries to analyze the forces which control the variations in usage. I think Curme the most scientific of the three; but it ought to be possible for writers of lower rank than Curme's to base themselves on an accepted conclusion of science instead of on an unverified tradition.

It is no credit to our scholarship that Netherlandish and Danish grammarians have published richer collections of material for the study of modern English grammar than have any British or American scholars; and it is no discredit to these foreigners that they have failed to discern some problems on which native scholarship might profitably spend much study if native scholarship would go to work.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

**"I'm worried, number four is a half-hour overdue."**

## The Atom and the Kitchen

SIR: Congratulations on your excellent Anniversary Issue. I especially enjoyed Prof. Northrop's "Literature and Science." He finds it "refreshing" that in the atom one electron recognizes the presence of other electrons and minds its cosmic manners. Does he foresee a day when man will be as well-mannered as an electron and recognize the organic brotherhood of all men? Reading his article, I somehow gathered that Prof. Northrop does visualize a time when our mathematical physicists, given time and laboratory elbow-room, will be able to call man back from his journeys into the dark, beckon him away from his weekends at shimmering mirages, will take man gently by his atomic hand and lead him into his physico-mathematical home, to live happy ever after.

This makes a mere housewife wonder what kind of cooking utensils she will find in the kitchen of that home; wonder if when she starts to clean the master bedroom, she won't find those old, ill-mannered electrons of hate, greed, and intolerance installed there and refusing to be swept up in her new physico-mathematical vacuum cleaner.

ESTELLE AUBREY BROWN.
Tucson, Arizona.

## W. R. B. on D. T.

SIR: Dorothy Thompson says Karl Marx took his entire "logistics" from Hegel. I look up logistics in a small Webster I have and its definition is, as I had thought, "the science of moving and supplying armies." That can't be right, so I try the other definition, which is "sexagesimal arithmetic," which is "pertaining to, or based on, the number sixty." So *that's* what Karl Marx was doing, eh?

Then, she takes the word "prototype" which means "the original from which others are copied." Miss Thompson says, using the word "tantamount" correctly, that a certain statement does not make "the Soviet Union the prototype of Hegel's 'Prussian State.' Neither is Nazi Germany the prototype of Hegel's State." In the one case the Soviet Union, is not, therefore the *original* from which Hegel copied his State. In the other neither is Nazi Germany the *original* from which Hegel copied his State. Really, Dorothy!

And she laughs at Irwin Edman for saying "very traditionally."

Also, the Prussian State was Prussian long before the Nazis were cre-



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ated. I, personally, agree with a line of Chesterton's: "There is a fount of poison in the North," meaning the North of Germany. Have individuals in Germany, even great individuals like Heinrich Heine, ever had any effect upon the basic German philosophy which is "lick the boots of those above, and kick the behinds of those below?"

The philosophical spirit, like Art, is above nationality, but if ever a people was unified under certain devilish concepts it has been Germany in this war; and I think it is a little too soon to begin that stuff of "Oh, we're all very much alike after all. We have our good and our bad, we have our ideals and those who don't live up to them." It reduces everything to the same kind of porridge we had after the last war, that burned our mouth. No one has to blame philosophers for this one. But who ruthlessly suppressed philosophers, scientists, every one with a trace of gray matter? Germans suppressed them, and burned their books, and danced with delight. You might as well say that because Hitler is not a German at all, Germany is not to blame for this war, and, for the matter of that, for the last war. Miss Thompson is being a lot more high-minded than I am. Of course there are cousins of the spirit of Croce all over the world. But the world is fed to the teeth with the *German* way of thought.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Cape Ann, Mass.

### Trees and Jan Struther

I'll bet you, kid, you never knowed
That God was first to make an ode.
In seven days He wrote a pome—
A global version of "Home, Sweet Home."

FRED SNYDER.

Albany, N. Y.

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SIR: Thanks to you and to Jan Struther for "To Hell with Trees." It is perfect and puts trees in their place at last.

CHARLES DOWNING LAY.

New York, N. Y.

### Marquis Letter Retrieved

SIR: When I subscribed for the *Review* in time to receive the annual poetry number, there came to my mind the memory of a brief correspondence with the late Don Marquis anent two of his poems, one in the *Review*. I found his letter among my papers and append it here feeling you will enjoy it.

ESTELLE AUBREY BROWN.

Tucson, Arizona.

MY DEAR—MISS OR MRS?—BROWN:

I wrote the line: *A drift of ashes down a dusty night;* which isn't a bad line. The printer of the *Saturday Review* (who will surely fry in hell for it) made it "on" instead of "a," which makes a rotten line of it. The proofreader (who is in hell already) let it go that way. The editors (who are, I believe, usually drunk) evidently never read the proof at all. If I had a few hundred dollars I would send on to my agent and have them all murdered. You can buy a good murder in New York this year for $100; before the market slump the price had crept up to $250. This I always considered an outrage on a free citizenry. When I first went to New York, in 1909, you could get a man killed for $50. "Mustache Hank" Canby, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, might cost $75; and so would String Bean Benét, who runs the Phoenix Nest dept.; I could get Kit Morley killed for $75, too, and I hold him personally responsible for the mutilation of this sonnet, as I sent it to him directly. But he has four children and is probably behind on his insurance payments; I never knew him when he wasn't. I always weaken on a matter of principle.

Typographical errors in poetry always amount to more than the intellectual or emotional contents. The contents may be true when they are written; but by the time they are published it does not represent the author at all. At least, that is my own experience. The result is that by the time I see it published I don't like it any better than I like the poetry of my friends. Usually a certain amount of it is fake emotion anyhow. When I was young I didn't know it was fake. But I have discovered since that I can't believe myself at all. For instance, the last lines about tavern satellites, etc. It has been nine years since I could drink anything; I want to, and I approve of it; but I haven't got the innards for it any more; I can only write sonnets about it. It's merely brag and blether.

If I remember rightly, the poem "At Last" [to which his correspondent had referred] was written in 1902 and printed a few years later—thirty years ago. Since then I have run through several faiths and at least two sets of innards; haven't had anything to eat but bicarbonate of soda for months now, and nothing to drink but water. You can't write poetry or get a new godhead on that diet. Anyhow, I thank you for remembering that other verse—25 years is a long time for anyone to remember anything that anybody writes—I don't want to rub in the years, but they have rubbed themselves in on me so hard that I don't have the grace to spare you either. As for me—one day I was 25 years old, and writing poetry; I left my typewriter and went to the corner drug store to buy a package of cigarettes, and when I got back I was 50 instead of 25, and I don't have the faintest idea what became of the other 25 years. I don't think they are ahead of me.

With best wishes,

DON MARQUIS.

Beverly Hills, Calif.
Feb. 23, 1832 (*sic*)

### Reënter the Limerick

SIR: While the researches in the periphery of my subconscious have yet to reveal a printable limerick on the life and works of Mark Twain, I did chance upon the following:

A reflective young fellow named Thoreau,
Whose name we must here rhyme with through,
Lived on thought and plain foods
For a year in the woods,
And nearly burned down his home borough.

(Stewart Holbrook please copy).

JOEL W. HEDGPETH.

Walnut Creek, Calif.

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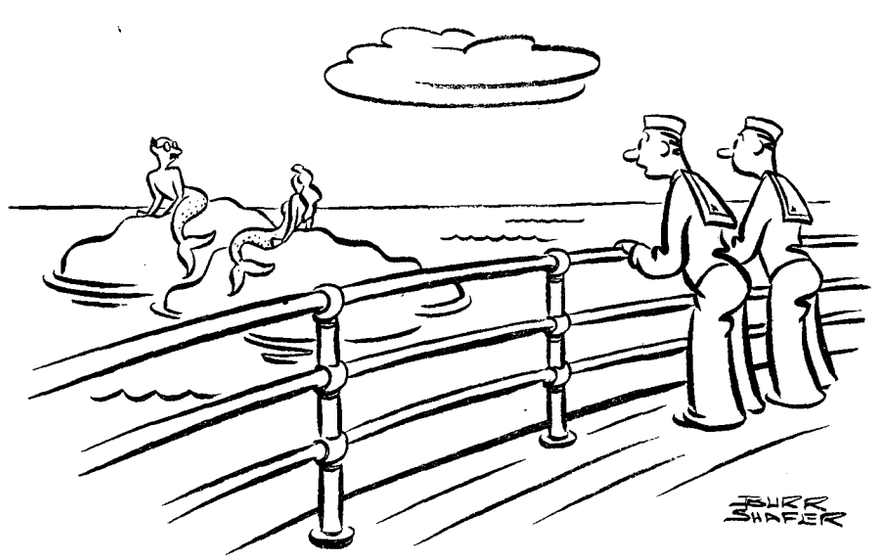
SIR: Knowing your interest in Shaw and in limericks, I venture to send you the following, written some weeks ago. Had I known you would have a special number—and such a delightful one—on G. B. S., perhaps I could have done better.

Do his countrymen think him a bore,
For the Irishmen have wits galore—
But I find him most bright,
I am filled with delight,
He surely is funny—what's more.

GRACE CLARKE.

New London, Conn.




**"Well, that clears up one question, anyway."**



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# How He Came, Where He Is Going

*LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND! By Sir Osbert Sitwell. New York: Little, Brown & Co.* 1944. 327 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE title, "Left Hand, Right Hand!" for a moment raises the depressing thought that even Sir Osbert Sitwell may have joined the majority who think that political views are a substitute for literary talent. But no! The metaphorical title is taken from the ancient but less destructive superstition of palmistry, and the book itself is the first volume of Sir Osbert's memoirs. What the title implies is a description of the kind of life into which the author was born on the one hand, and on the other hand some account of what he did with his inheritance.

As a writer of prose Sir Osbert is, I think, the only Englishman who has successfully adapted to his own ends the methods of Marcel Proust. This is intelligent, because Sir Osbert also is dealing with an almost extinct aristocracy, persons remarkable by their descent from more or less historical figures, even more remarkable for their individuality, their freedom from that monotony of character and outlook imposed by professions and trades. These luxuriously idle people, though marked by the prejudices of their caste, had every opportunity to evolve along purely personal lines—which they did with all the eccentricity of trilobites on the verge of extinction. The style of Proust is exactly right for this sort of thing, with its excess of leisure, its elaboration, its world of allusions and subtleties, its contrasts of *seigneur* and *manant*. Being a common-sense Englishman, Sir Osbert keeps all this within reasonable limits.

Naturally in this first volume Sir Osbert is more concerned with his varied inheritance than with what he did with it. During the action of part of the book he was not in existence, and even in the latter part he is only a child able to deal with his environment in the helpless manner of children. Sir Osbert numbers famous people among his ancestors; and so reticent are the English about these things that I, who have known him for nearly thirty years, did not know about them. Some of these connections must have been rather crushing than encouraging, one would surmise. For instance, when Sir Osbert generously invited contemporary poets to his house, might he not remember with dismay that he is descended from that Earl of Southampton whose poet was William Shakespeare? Again, when in the last war Captain Sitwell took a company of the Guards into action it must have been awkward to recollect his descent from sisters of Marlborough and Wellington. And how well I understand Sir Osbert's deep dislike for imperialism when I learn that as a small boy he had to do his lessons in a room covered with photographs of young Winston Churchill.

The publishers particularly recommend in this book the character of Henry Moat, the butler. People will do almost anything nowadays to curry favor with the proletariat, but there is justice in the praise of Henry Moat. I have myself a faint memory of Henry Moat—at luncheon a woman guest had taken too ladylike a portion of the dish he was holding for her, whereupon he both reproved and encouraged her by saying in affable yet sepulchral tones: "It is better at the bottom, Modom." And yet, all said and done, Henry Moat is more a character from literature than from life. He is Sam Weller, he is Lane in Oscar Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest," he is a bit of a Jeeves. Moat's letters are certainly masterpieces, but there is nothing extraordinary in his attitude of possessive not to say cheeky familiarity with his master mingled with genuine pride and veneration. Such an attitude was quite common when lifelong servants ceased to be servants and became a kind of poor relations it was impossible to get rid of. There is pleasing comedy in the scenes where the late baronet (Sir George) would fire Henry for impertinence or getting drunk or something, and then have to rehire him because life without Henry was not possible. Henry was perhaps the nearest thing to a friend the austere and suspicious Sir George permitted himself.

To my way of thinking, the great character in this volume is not Henry Moat but Sir George Sitwell. Here is a genuine individual, a real sterling eccentric, that rarest of human figures —a man who does what he wants to do. Keeping up with the Joneses? Sir George had never heard of the Joneses, and would not have been influenced by them if he had. "No, no, no. Such a mistake to have friends." How true that is, how profoundly true. I have often thought so, but never had the courage to say it. If a man wishes to keep his money, his temper, his integrity, his mental privacy he should avoid friends. At least, so Sir George thought, and he seems to have lived an interestingly complete life in an out of the way fashion which successfully estranged everybody.

Of course, it must be admitted that Sir George had a peculiar upbringing, or conditioning as people now say. Left fatherless at the age of two (luckily for the estate) he was brought up by the Archbishop of Canterbury and several other pious old ladies. Naturally he grew up to be an atheist, not just an agnostic in the T. H. Huxley fashion, but a convinced, knockdown atheist. Then, as he reached man's estate, he was evidently intelligent enough to realize that this education handed him over bound hand and foot to be cheated by a money-hungry world of the fortune accumulated during his long minority. He therefore devised an elaborate system of parsimony and self-protection, and devoted himself wholly to an elaborate and learned self-culture. He would not even mingle too freely with the many guests and friends surrounding his beautiful wife, but took his meals alone—"conversation interferes with the gastric juices." Sir George seems to have been interested in everything, a specialist in strange accurate learning, as may be gathered from pages 122-23 of this book. . . .

But already I have exceeded my space before touching more than the fringes of this fascinating and beautiful book. To those who have the requisite knowledge and predisposition, it will be irresistible, and perhaps Stendhal's few may sympathize with the introduction in its courageous repudiation of this decade of yahoos and vandals.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 63

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 63 will be found in the next issue.*

NCA FAKKGHB CDK LPTDKQ MNHOKF GC QDCGNKM, QDR NCA GNKH RQDEK GC GNK OPFTE CW GNKTM CAD EBTDX.

—ECDLMKSK.

—GNK CBR ZQENKBCM.

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 62***

VAIN HUMANKIND! FANTASTIC RACE! THY VARIOUS FOLLIES WHO CAN TRACE? SELF-LOVE, AMBITION, ENVY, PRIDE, THEIR EMPIRE IN OUR HEARTS DIVIDE.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.



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# TRADE Winds

**BACK FROM A VACATION** in the cool and shady Maine woods, where even on the hottest days the temperature never rose above a hundred and a half, your recharged correspondent found the usual batch of publicity notices, advance catalogues, and announcements piled up on the desk, the usual rumors about other people's private affairs circulating freely on Publishers' Row.

The October Book-of-the-Month Club selection is Van Wyck Brooks's "The World of Washington Irving" (Dutton). For November there is a dual choice: D. W. Brogan's "The American Character" (Knopf) and Herbert Best's novel, "Young 'Un" (Macmillan). Best's last published novel, "The Twenty-Fifth Hour," was a corking story of a future era when civilization had gone to pot, but it failed to sell five thousand copies. . . . The BOMC's November dividend will be Edgar Snow's "*People on Our Side*" (Random House). . . . The next three books slated for distribution to members of the People's Book Club are "Canal Town," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, "The Emperor's Physician," by J. R. Perkins, and "Ride with Me," by Tom Costain. Membership in this flourishing Sears, Roebuck project, powered by Shimkin sagacity, Gallup popularity polls, and Peggy Jones's loveliness, now exceeds 200,000. . . .

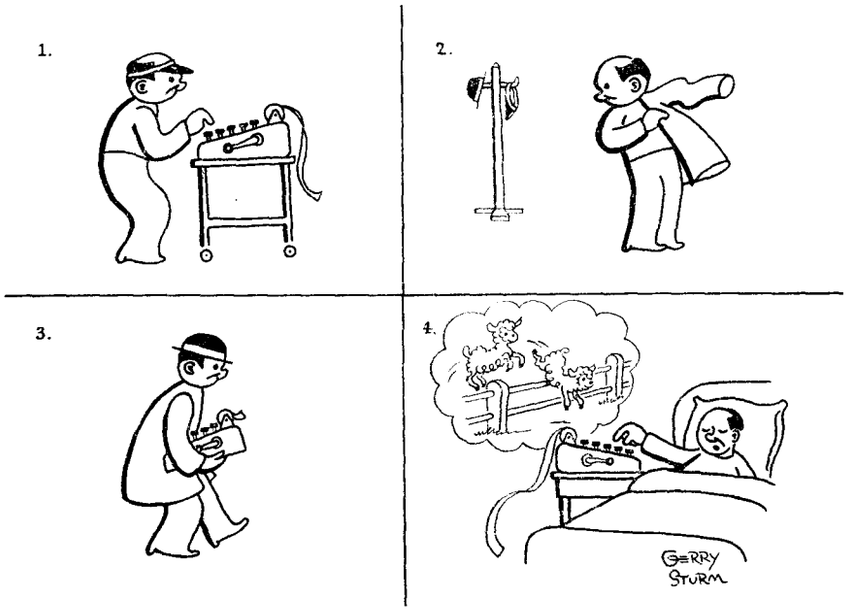
**ELIZABETH GOUDGE'S** "Green Dolphin Street" is not only the September selection of the Literary Guild, but it won the MGM novel contest, assuring the fortunate author a minimum of $125,000 for the screen rights, and the publisher, Coward-McCann, $25,000 more. Another windfall like that, and Tom Coward may buy the New York Giants. . . . The October Guild book is "Earth and High Heaven," by Gwethalyn Graham (Lippincott). . . . One of the country's biggest publishing houses has run afoul of the WPB paper quota restrictions, having exceeded its allotment by almost half a million pounds. The story goes that it owes its predicament to the fact that last year's figures were computed erroneously on dollar value instead of actual tonnage. . . . Philip Van Doren Stern is headed back to the manufacturing department at Simon and Schuster. . . . John Chamberlain will do no more regular daily book reviews for the *New York Times*. He's joining the Washington bureau of *Life*. . . . Current choice of the Book Find Club: Theodore Draper's "The Six Weeks War." Coming up: Ray Josephs's "Argentine Diary." . . .

**W. W. NORTON** has acquired from Knopf all rights, stock, and plates of Lancelot Hogben's "Science for the Citizen." . . . The Limited Editions Club, Heritage Club, and Heritage Press are now known officially as the George Macy Companies, Inc. No connection with the store on Thirty-fourth Street. . . . *Publishers' Weekly* is planning a national advertising campaign, to be handled by the Sussman and Sugar agency. Dick Mealand now conducts a weekly column for *PW* called "Books Into Films." . . . Viking's Fall fiction is headed by "Hard Facts," a new novel by Howard Spring. His five-year-old "My Son, My Son" is high on the current best-selling reprint computations. . . . The next Perry Mason murder novel by Erle Gardner is called "The Case of the Black-Eyed Blonde." . . . The potent Macmillan sales staff is preparing to give Kathleen Winsor's "Forever Amber" the "Gone with the Wind" treatment. . . . The Jersey City Public Library announces that "restricted" books—those loaned only to "adults with special permission"—are now "plainly marked with a large letter A." Why not "B" as in "Boston"? . . . The late Bill McGeehan once launched a project to rename "The Scarlet Letter," "How Hester Won Her 'A'" . . . .

**McBRIDE** is publishing a collection of Gardner Rea cartoons under the title of "The Gentleman Says It's Pixies." Dial's album of drawings by Hoff ("the Proust of the Bronx") will be labeled "Feeling No Pain." This business of slapping whimsical and obscure titles onto cartoon collections was instituted by Whitney Darrow, Jr., and I have a feeling we're all going to live to regret it. . . . Dial's most ambitious project for the new season is a volume of "The Great Short Novels of Henry James." It will run to 840 pages, and George Joel says he can name 25,000 people who will buy it. He's printing that many, anyhow. . . . Page one of the new Oxford University Press catalogue goes to Harlan Hatcher's book on "The Great Lakes." . . . Houghton Mifflin has prepared a striking and effective advertising campaign for John Dos Passos's report on the country in her gravest hour, "State of the Nation." . . .

**GORHAM MUNSON** is the new manager of the Trade Book Department of Prentice-Hall. . . . Garden City has bagged the reprint rights to "Good Night, Sweet Prince," and Grosset and Dunlap have "The Valley of Decision." . . . Quote from a letter sent to me in Maine by Lewis Miller, sales manager of Random House, apropos a new volume for the Lifetime Library being edited by Professor Pegis of Fordham:

> The outline for the Medieval Philosophers is a sales manager's dream. We open with "The Selected Letters of Lupus of Ferrieres," about 10,000 words. Following is Hugh of St. Victor's "Didascalion" (in part). And then right down the line: "Selections from the Lesser Benjamin and the Greater Benjamin (Benjamin Minor; Benjamin Major)" the "De Anima" of Gundissalinus; "Siger of Brabant"; "On the Necessity and Contingency of Causes"; etc.
>
> Up to here it's carriage trade, granted. But now we get the merchandise stuff in: Peter Damian's



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"De Divina Omnipotentia," *possibly complete;* the "Proslogion" of St. Anselm; Alain of Lille's "Anticlaudianus." And then, for a wow finish, Nicolas of Autrecourt's "Exigit Ordo." Bennett, you'll say I'm crazy, but I tell you it can't miss. Pegis is a peculiar duck; to listen to him you'd think him all scholar, but he's not kidding me, he's got his eyes on movie rights, just like the rest of them. With this in mind, I have sold him on a new title: "The Medieval Philosophers," with a subtitle—now get this—Secrets of the Monastery. . . .

**FRANCES DARLING,** of the Bay Colony Bookshop, discovered the following entry in the new "Harvard Year Book":

STANLEY M. RINEHART, JR.
25 YEARS OUT

The family publication list reads something like this: Wives: two (one out of print). Children ranging from full quarto to crown octavo, as follows: Two children who are brother and sister, three children who are half-brothers-and-sisters, and four children who are step-brothers and sisters. (Figure that out for yourselves. I made it up while I was having my hair cut.) Grandchildren: one, small 12 mo., smooth-trimmed top and front, cloth-bound with limp calf backbone and watermarked endsheets. . . .

**JOHN HERSEY'S** "A Bell for Adano" will be the first American novel about the present war to hit the 100,000 mark. In the stage version, about to be produced by Leland Hayward, Fredric March will essay the role of Major Joppolo. . . . Herman Shumlin's next theatrical venture will be a dramatization of the Randau-Zugsmith thriller, "The Visitor." . . . Margaret Landon, whose "Anna and the King of Siam" has caught the popular fancy, has signed with Longmans, Green for a book to be called "The Pageant of Malayan History." . . . Trade Winds veterans are warned to run—not walk—to their nearest bookstore if they want a first edition of Chris Morley's "The Middle Kingdom," a selection of poems written during the past fifteen years, and promised by Harcourt, Brace for late this month. . . .

**THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS** is going to seem mighty tame to Lieut. Pat Knopf after the record he is hanging up as pilot in the Eighth Air Force. . . . Olsen and Johnson, their literary appetites whetted by the Shakespearean epic, "Hellzapoppin," are writing a "dual-autobiography" for Ziff-Davis. Title: "From Gags to Riches." Other luminaries of the stage and screen who are hard at work on books include Bette Davis, Roland Young, Sophie Tucker, and Lois Andrews. Things are coming to a pretty pass in Hollywood with scarcely a soul on the streets or a ghost in the cemeteries. They are all busy scratching, scratching away on masterpieces for the ages. . . .

**MIKE SAYERS,** co-author of "Sabotage," is now writing the "inside story" of the U. S. Secret Service. . . . Ralph Bates has joined the editorial staff of Henry Holt. . . . A customer in a New Orleans bookshop demanded a book about paratroopers, and added, "You know, them soldiers what climbs down trees they never clumb up!" . . . Harry Maule is editing a volume of Great American Western Stories that will appear in both Modern Library and Pocket Book editions. . . . Among Scribner publications scheduled for August was John Russell's "The Shakespeare Country," which was printed and bound in England. The book survived robot bombs in London and submarines in the Atlantic, but when it reached New York it was a victim of the heat wave. A super-sensitive sprinkler system in a warehouse ruined the entire stock. . . . Anybody who has occasion to consult a thesaurus will appreciate a verse contributed to "Counterpoints" by Jeanne Baker:

THE LOVE OF P. M. ROGET

There is a girl, lass, damsel, wench,
Miss, maiden, hoyden, *jeune fille* (F.)

Whom I love, fancy, idolize,
Hold dear, make much of, cherish,
prize,

*&c adj.* But she
Avoids, shuns, steers—, keeps—clear
of me.

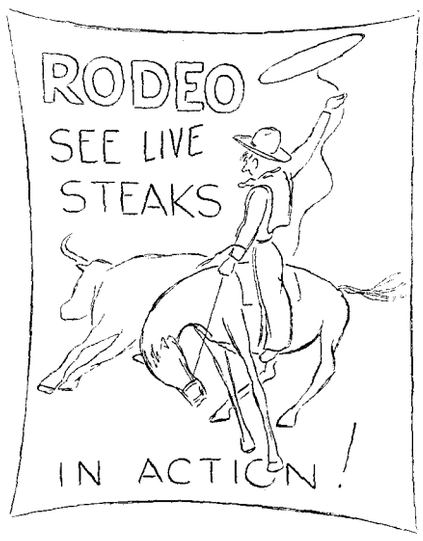
She is so lovely, gracious, sweet,
Fair, comely, seemly (*obs.*),

That if she does refuse, decline,
Deny, despise, scorn to be mine,

I shall go mad—as a March hare,
Insane, bereft, demantate (*rare*).

That just about clears the deck.

BENNETT CERF.



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NOTES FROM
Chapel Hill

"ENTANGLING ALLIANCES," people said back in 1919. "Wilson is trying to drag the country into entangling alliances." And his opponents defeated him—kept us out of the League of Nations. Yet this same League is denounced today by Walter Lippmann because, he says, it was *not* an alliance.

Woodrow Wilson was an embittered, stiff-necked, bull-headed old man, a lot of people are telling us these days—too stubborn to give in, once he'd made up his mind. If he'd only compromised on Article X of the League Covenant, they say . . .

Talk like this is ignorant and dangerous. How *could* Wilson yield? The point he refused to compromise on back in 1919-1920 was vital—it is the very one that cannot be compromised on today if we are to make any progress toward a just and orderly world. Without it, any international organization will fail.

Others who ought to know better are saying that the United States did not join the League because Wilson failed to take members of the opposition party into his councils. An impractical dreamer, they call him, so inept that he refused to recognize the rules of political expediency.

Have we forgotten about the League to Enforce Peace—the national organization that helped persuade Wilson to propose a league? Have we forgotten that the president of the League to Enforce Peace was William Howard Taft? That other influential Republicans were active members? That others—specifically Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge—had at one time or another spoken in favor of a league which would use force to guarantee territorial integrity to member nations? And that later some of these same men came out in opposition? How could Wilson take and maintain a stand with men who couldn't be counted on to stand anywhere?

No one wants to fight old battles all over again. But if we are going to talk about the mistakes of the past—and perhaps learn by them—wouldn't it be a good idea to know who made the mistakes and what they were?

If you are interested in this question, we suggest that you read *The League to Enforce Peace* ($2.50) by Ruhl J. Bartlett. It gives a clear picture of some of the difficulties that must be solved today if the people are not to lose what is being dearly bought all over the world—the chance to live decently in peace.

The University of North Carolina Press

# Poet in Search of "Inscape"

*GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, A LIFE. By Eleanor Ruggles. New York: W. W. Norton.* 1944. 305 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE SPENCER

THIS is a very satisfactory biography. Mrs. Ruggles presents her facts in a straightforward and economical way, she is both sensitive and impartial, she selects excellent quotations to illustrate her points, and her comments on Hopkins's poetry are sensibly restricted to describing the relation between that poetry and the complex, fascinating, and intense personality that produced it. Only in the first chapter, when she somewhat awkwardly tries to sketch the world in which Hopkins was born, does her taste falter; otherwise she has written as good a biography of Hopkins as we are likely to have.

Hopkins was an extremist of a kind not very common; as Miss Ruggles says, "the word 'unconditionally' is a clue to every decision" made by him. In contemplating both the external world and himself, in his poetry and in his life, he tried to get at the essence, the core of things. His own admirable word for it, "inscape," describes better than any other what is continually sought for. From one point of view his life was entirely consistent. The inscape of his own soul was revealed in his professional relation, as a Jesuit, to Christ, intellectually he seized on the philosophy of Scotus, who emphasized the *haeccitas* or "thisness" of things, and artistically, in his prose observations as well as in his poetry, he succeeded in describing, more intensely than perhaps any other poet, the essential appearance and being of eternal objects and states of mind. A fierce, sometimes an ecstatic, concentration on the thing itself is what Hopkins achieved; as his friend Canon Dixon saw, the discipline and concentration of his life gave his poems a "terrible pathos—a right temper which goes to the point of the terrible; the terrible crystal."

A theoretical observer might think that so concentrated a life, in which religion, philosophy, and art all represented the same purpose, might have a unity which would lead to happiness. But it was not until he was dying that, as far as we know, Hopkins said, "I am so happy." Possibly it was the intensity itself which prevented happiness, the intensity which implied suppression of impulse, and led at times almost to nervous prostration. Miss Ruggles handles with great tact the "bias" shown by Hopkins for "the recurring image of male beauty" and which may at least partly explain that well-known and surprising admission to Bridges: "I may as well say what I should not otherwise have said, that I always knew in my heart Walt Whitman's mind to be more like my own than any other man's living. As he is a very great scoundrel this is not a pleasant confession." Hopkins as a Jesuit also had to suppress a very strong estheticism. Shut up with a sick brother as a child he burst into sobs: "Cyril has become so ugly!" He reacted passionately to reds and blues. "One night he lay in bed contemplating the ugliness of the name Hopkins till he was filled with a mortification that recurred at moments for the rest of his life." This is very different from the way in which another Victorian poet felt about his own name. By repeating the words "Alfred Tennyson" the owner of those magical syllables could, "quite up from boyhood," arrive at a "state of transcendent wonder, associated with absolute clearness of mind." No such easy mysticism, if mysticism it can be called, was available to Hopkins.

Without the Jesuit discipline Hopkins, like several of his Oxford friends, might have gone to pieces or killed himself. To "buckle"—his own word—was essential for sanity as for poetry. And yet as Miss Ruggles very clearly shows, he became increasingly unhappy the longer he lived. He was an unsuccessful teacher, he could never finish any of the scholarly writing he began; when some acquaintances spoke of his youthful appearance, he wrote: "They should see my heart and vitals, all shaggy with the whitest hair." He developed characteristics—one might borrow a term from his prosody, and call them "out-riders"—which do not make a very agreeable picture; an example is his exaggerated glee at the success of a practical joke—"I could not have believed . . . that life had this pleasure to bestow."

But it was this last period of his life that produced the six sonnets which, "terrible" as they are, have no parallel in English poetry. "Four of these," he wrote Bridges, "came like inspirations unbidden and against my will." There had always been a conflict in Hopkins's mind (though it is dangerous to make too much of it) between religion and poetry. It appears in the end, though Hopkins himself would never have felt so, or admitted it if he had, that poetry conquered.

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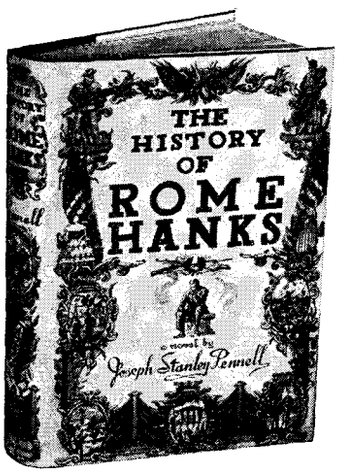


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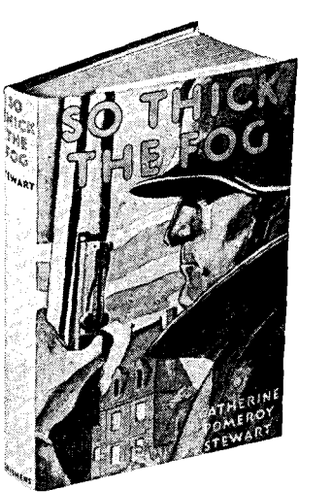




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# Reflections on Government

*PUBLIC AND PRIVATE GOVERNMENT. By Charles E. Merriam. (Published for Indiana University). New Haven: Yale University Press. 1944. 78 pp. $1.75.*

Reviewed by ALEXANDER H. PEKELIS

FOR five spring days in 1943, Professor Merriam occupied a chair known as "The Mahon Powell Professorship in Philosophy" of the University of Indiana. The four lectures delivered by him there are now published in a small book and destined to be incorporated in a larger work on "Systematic Politics" which, Mr. Merriam informs us, has been part of his literary plans since 1907. The author has meanwhile published some twenty books on politics, but none of them has shown an approximation to what in his *alma mater* of Berlin would have been honored with the dignified title of *System*. This is, of course, no historical accident, no matter how decisive biographical elements may appear to the author himself. Like most teachers and writers, Merriam was confronted with the choice between Sincerity and System. But unlike most of those who lived to become *professores emeriti* of a great university, Charles E. Merriam has chosen the former. At any rate, whatever the forthcoming larger work is going to be, the little book before us is a decidedly unsystematic and enjoyable series of spontaneous, one would almost say extemporaneous, remarks.

The book is unsystematic to such an extent that the author did not care to give a title to it. Like the authors of short stories, he took the title of his first—and best—lecture and reproduced it on the front page of the volume. Apart from a few references to powerful groupings in industry, in labor, in agriculture, the second, third, and fourth chapters deal very little with the parallelism of public and private government. So little, in fact, that, to the readers' amazement, the existence of private governments is not mentioned even when, in the second chapter, limitations on internal sovereignty are being discussed.

An enumeration of the topics of the book (government, sovereignty, organization, and democracy) or an attempt to distil its "main thesis" and "corollary implications" would do it no justice. The very kernel of the book is in the richness of its details, in its lively side remarks, in its informal references to a number of apparently unrelated topics, books, and articles. One of the most interesting themes of the book is the discussion of coercion and persuasion. Although Merriam has treated the problem previously, he gives us new and valuable insights here. On the one hand, he fully recognizes the importance of what sociology, anthropology, psychology, or, for that matter, biology have to say on the problem of democratic organization and scientific management. On the other hand, he calls our attention to the dangers of "Managers as Magicians" and of the synthetic production of power. He knows that "we are more willing to consent than to be coerced" and that modern science offers magnificent means of "organizing" people into consent and thus leaving only an appearance of freedom. Far from joining those who would resist the trend, Merriam wants democracy to seize the most modern weapons of scientific management and make organization not a personal affair of a few, but an enterprise controlled by the many. "Masses of men and women—millions of them—now know more about organization, its meaning and apparatus than ever before in history. Its cult is no longer secret or magic." This knowledge will make men free, mass knowledge about organization will keep it a tool and prevent it from becoming a master. Through this knowledge, planning—dealt with in another chapter—far from being a menace to freedom, will become its instrument: it will call for mass judgment upon the essentials of common welfare.

Another problem to which the book calls the reader's attention is that of relation between structure and function. If Sherrington's thesis that the difference between structure and function in a human organism is ultimately that of *speed* of change can be applied to society, Merriam's assertion of unity of structure and function, with emphasis on the latter, is rich in political and sociological implications.

—*Moffett-Russell*

**Charles E. Merriam**

The first and most important chapter of the book deals with what seems to be the central problem of our society: the coexistence of public and private government. Even in the field of foreign relations private governments play an important role today: it often may be a crucial question whether American policy is made by the United States or by the United Fruit Co. The importance of private governments in domestic affairs is even more obvious. Merriam gives us a lucid treatment of the governmental character of many private bodies, the difficulty of drawing the line between public and private aspects of an organization, and the power of private governments: "The state may tax, but the monopoly may raise prices and lower standards." He maintains that the freedom of a society is conditioned upon the existence of a pluralistic network of private governments and free associations, and reminds us that the first step of despots is the disintegration of unions, churches, and associations. The reviewer has no quarrel with this conception and would like to add that American individualism itself is sometimes nothing else than a defiance of the *public* government coupled with, and conditioned by, a surprisingly "collectivistic" loyalty to private groups, secular or otherwise. The very style of Merriam's pages—harmonious in their casualness—helps to evoke the image of a free and composite society, the fabric of which is made of those sometimes informal groupings. But for all its brilliance the book fails to explore the crux of the question, the critical dilemma, inherent in the autonomy of the term: private government.

The American idea of government is, indeed, essentially a constitutional one, meaning that the action of every government, even if supported by a strong majority of the governed, is limited by a "higher law." As a matter of fact, in no other country has legislative, executive, and even judicial action been so frequently and successfully challenged on the ground of "unconstitutionality"—whatever this really means—as it has been in this country. This tradition puts the policy-making officials in a situation of competitive disadvantage, that of being a government. If you think that by being the police commissioner of Boston, Mass., or the poll commissioner of Dallas, Texas, you are in a good



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position respectively to prevent the sale of obscene books or bar from the polls men whose very race shows their inability to participate earnestly in the processes of self-government, you just don't know what government is in America. Even if your action is backed by the wholehearted support of a practically unanimous community, you will never be able to prevent a few trouble-makers from throwing at you constitutional clauses and, especially, amendments (the First, the Fifth, the Fourteenth, the Fifteenth, and so on!), drag you before courts, get indictments, injunctions, writs of mandamus, of prohibition, etc., etc. A colossal legalistic machinery, nourished by demagogic slogans, will be mounted against you and, more often than not, grab your little finger and crush your arm. How much wiser are those who forego all temptation of wearing official insignia, who escape the danger of being a government, and realize the importance of being modest. If they run for office, it is to become the chairman of the Board of Trade of Boston Book Merchants. Then they may advise their fellow dealers against the sale of "Strange Fruit" and nobody will have the standing—as nobody in fact has today—of talking free speech or similar official nonsense to them. Similarly, a good position to assure responsible elections is that of a private party official. Of course, today you have to be careful and keep clear of all that looks like a governmental activity.

So, for instance, if you get the official recognition of your primaries, the present Supreme Court is perfectly capable of considering it as a part of the general election machinery, of treating it as an arm of the government and—just punishment of your ambitions—of holding you subject to the Constitution! The safest way of keeping the primaries white is to wipe their very mention from the statute books and make them as private as a family game or a country club election, as South Carolina discovered a month ago. Why bother to violate the Constitution? Let freedom ring and equality reign where they do not matter. "The Constitution runs against governments only" and things which count can be easily regulated by private organizations. No one can be so petulant as to claim that "due process of law" is needed before you can be deprived of property by a cartel, of freedom to work by a union, or the right to vote by a country club, of freedom of speech by the Associated Press or the Boston Board of Book Merchants. *Vivre cachés c'est vivre heureux.* To live in retirement from official glamour is the secret of happiness.

However, you never can tell. The scope of application of the constitutional dictate is not in itself incapable of extension. Thus, for instance, one may worry about the fact that originally both Constitution and Bill of Rights did run solely against the *Federal* government but that through the Civil War Amendments constitutional protection penetrated somewhat deeper into the social structure, and reached the *State* governments. What if this was only a beginning? After the World War the Supreme Court started to apply to the state goverments some prohibitions which seemed, by their very terms, restricted to the Federal Government (*e. g.*, the First Amendment which says that "*Congress* shall make no law, etc."). The constitutional eye has—and, as Merriam's thesis shows, should always have—infra-red and ultra-violet rays it does not perceive. But is the range of constitutional visibility widening? From this viewpoint the very title of Merriam's book is disturbing. If people begin to realize that there is such a thing as "private *governments*" they may easily be misled into believing that there is no reason to exempt those governments from the constitutional requirements of decency and fairness which apply to the public ones. And if this is true. . . .

But we could go on from one possibility to another. Merriam's book is a tempting invitation to go on thinking along these lines.

# The Criminal Record

## The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE DARK PAGE<br>*S. M. Fuller*<br>(Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50) | Girl who comes out of past meets violent end. Newspaper man provides major sleuthing. | Not much mystery—but much action, good writing, and a heart-rending finish. Tragic but rewarding. | Full marks |
| THE CANE PATCH MYSTERY<br>*A. B. Cunningham*<br>(Dutton: $2.) | Young second-wife of Southern planter slain with cane-knife. Sheriff Jess Roden investigates. | Roden and his dogs track down well-concealed killer in first-class style. Local color and characters beautifully handled. | Excellent |
| TOO BUSY TO DIE<br>*H. W. Roden*<br>(Morrow: $2.) | Press Agent Knight solves murders of mysterious old client, hapless girl, and others in fast-paced yarn. | Effectively lurid tale of exuberant amateur fighting group of wily and determined killers, with action all over the place. | Tough and terrific |
| TILL DEATH DO US PART<br>*John Dickson Carr*<br>(Harpers: $2.) | Slayings in English village point toward young girl until Dr. Fell takes much-needed hand. | Bang-up combination of puzzle (locked room), swift action, and infallible Fell humor—with amazing finish. | Extra good! |
| DATE WITH DANGER<br>*Roy Vickers*<br>(Vanguard: $2.) | Murder of English woman involves pretty youngster in dangerous hide-and-seek with spies and secret service. | Blonde secretary meets colorful bunch of plotters and gets into numerous entertaining, and perilous situations. | Average spy-stuff |
| ON THE DANGER LINE<br>*Georges Simenon*<br>(Harcourt, Brace: $2.) | Two short novels of French life before the war—minus Maigret but with plenty of thrills. | Opening story tells of return to home-town of long-lost son, plus mistress. Other deals with anarchist in Paris. | Effective |
| YOU THE JURY<br>*Jean M. Liebeler*<br>(Farrar & Rinehart: $2.) | Young man on trial for stabbing in mid-western museum saved at last moment by girl juror. | Court-room tale, complete with all the fixin's, including romance and a thrilling finish. | Absorbing |
| DEATH AND THE DEVIL<br>*Paul Whelton*<br>(Lippincott: $2.) | Mid-western reporter bumps into corpses everywhere, almost gets killed, and solves 20-year-old family mystery. | Speedily-paced, action-packed, and exuberant tale, punctuated with gun-shots, likker, and ladies on the loose. | Capital toughie |
| GREEN FOR DANGER<br>*Christianna Brand*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.) | Deaths in English hospital finally traced to vengeful killer by doctors and others. | War-time scene interestingly portrayed. Nurses and doctors vividly drawn and mystery holds up well. Emotional content very high. | Above average |



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# Imagination in Civic Architecture

*CITIES OF LATIN AMERICA. Housing and Planning to the South. By Francis Volich. New York: Reinhold Publishing Corporation.* 1944. 241 *pp.* $3.50.

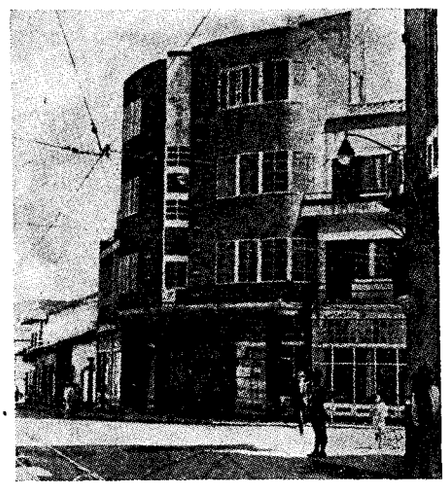
Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

AT a time when thousands upon thousands of bureaucrats from the United States are traipsing up and down Latin America and trying their best to make it over in our own image, by means of well-intentioned, but wasteful and often fantastic projects, the present volume injects a wholesome note of realism precisely when realism is frowned upon as being damaging to the good-neighbor policy and mayhap to the war effort. But since the good-neighbor policy is now so badly corroded and is now looked upon so cynically by the mass of Latin American people, perhaps a little realism may help to straighten out its zig-zag course.

Certainly the present book offers extensive and sound suggestions for Western Hemisphere coöperation in the field of city planning, sanitation, and public housing. They differ widely in spirit and methods and purpose from our official hot-air propagandizing, the hush-hush policy while the taxpayers money is being spreed around recklessly, the general patronizing air; the resultant manifestations on most projects of wastefulness that shocks the southern people, of Jim Crowism, of relegating the trained men of the southern countries to inferior roles in nearly all the enterprises carried out.

In our assumption of superiority in all things, it may come as a shock to the average reader to learn that "with nothing like the wealth and resources of the United States, Latin technicians have built, and are building, cities which outrank ours in the use of the imagination and the provisions of facilities for rich social living." Among all our great waterfront cities, not one can compare with similar Latin American cities in the beauty of water-edge development, the democratic utilization of such areas by the general public, or even in cleanliness. Mr. Volich might have added that even in the realm of modern techniques, in which we are so advanced, the applied results are not always superior. Thus the commercial port-loading facilities of Buenos Aires make those of New York City seem like an outmoded dump-heap. He does comment that whereas we have utilized our modern technical superiority to make our cities ever more congested, the southern peoples have attempted to make their cities more livable, more open, and more gracious. "Where is there one among all the cities of our West as boldly planned and built as Brazil Goiania?" he asks. "The city planning attack on São Paulo exhibits a boldness of approach that no planner in any United States city has dared show."

City planning with us is a fairly new and faltering thing, too often restricted to grandiose concepts in World Fair exhibits or the Sunday magazine section of *The New York Times,* but splintering in practice on the eternal rock of petty commercialism and often planed down to mere zoning ordinances. Latin America carried on definite city-planning before the United States was even heard of. The Incas, Mayas, and Aztecs were remarkable city planners and bold remodelers. Mexico City at the time of the Spanish Conquest was larger, more competently and spaciously planned, and more impressive than any Spanish city of that day. Even



*—From "By Pan American Highway Through South America."*

**Corner in the progressive city of Medellin, Colombia.**

so, the Spaniards were remarkable city planners, and if the specifications they provided for New World cities were quite too rigid, nevertheless they grasped the essentials of community living better than we do today in the United States; their cities began with the community center idea that we are painfully groping toward in practice.

The nearest we ever came to this sort of thing was perhaps the development of our western "kiting" towns. But these were layed out by a single surveyor; their aim was wholly speculation; what beauty that had was for the purpose of "lithographic mendacity," to attract eastern suckers. They had none of the grandiose concepts of the dignty of man, of God, and the State which lay behind the efforts of the Spaniards.

After independence, there was a tremendous fervor of city planning and remodelling throughout Latin America. It set a precedent adhered to ever since. And so it is that today the city-planners of Latin America have, if fewer resources, a larger perspective, greater imagination, broader social aims, less commercialism, and better skills than are generally encountered here in the United States.

It should also give us pause that Latin America began slum clearance before the United States, that its public housing program began decades before ours did. It might also give us pause in our vigorous good-willing and torch-bearing to the benighted to reflect that probably the worst slums in all Latin America are found in our own possessions in Puerto Rico and in Colón, Panama. The latter, in fact, are mostly owned by the United States government. The Panamanians point them out with a mixture of glee and anger to every important visitor.

Social security was adopted by Chile ten years before the United States, and in many countries the funds are being used for the development of public housing, thus providing a double benefit. In short, when one reads Mr. Volich's book, one might come to the humorous deduction that the New Deal is a sort of Latin American product. Certainly in *continuismo,* the long perpetuation of one-man political rule, in governmental centralization, in paternalism, and personal dependence upon bureaucracy, we have these past few years been increasingly Latin-Americanized. Unfortunately, by and large, we have not imbibed the beauty and grace of Latin America; we are far more shackled when it comes to working out honest plans for community benefit.

This is not an overly technical book. All the problems are posed against a broad, enlightened background of history, politics, and economics, and vitalized by keen personal observation. Society for Mr. Volich is all one texture, and if he is more interested in an outstanding central portion of the pattern, at no point does he neglect the overall design. His book has to do with problems rapidly growing acute in our own country, problems which will become tremendous as soon as peace returns. From it we can learn much of Latin America; we can learn much that is valuable for our own needs. It is clearly, simply, and often beautifully written, with a fresh enthusiastic and sympathetic touch throughout. The text is enhanced by copious illustrations, spectacular and well-selected, and competently commented upon.



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# He Rang Down His Own Curtain

*THE ORACLE OF BROADWAY. By Helen Mitchell Morosco and Leonard Paul Dugger. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers.* 1944. 387 *pp.* $4.25.

Reviewed by ARTHUR BRONSON

OLIVER MOROSCO came out of the West in the early 1900's, already a glamorous figure in the theatrical producing world, to duplicate his Los Angeles success on the Broadway scene. It was the heyday of the American theatre, and Morosco carved an important niche for himself in it. He launched on both coasts a succession of hit plays and a barkload of future stars. He made a fortune and built up something of a theatrical empire, only to see it crash and see himself stripped clean when a smooth set of New York stock promoters took him over. His story is as intriguing a slice of American stage history as it is an integral part of it.

Yet "The Oracle of Broadway" is a disappointment. Written as Morosco's autobiography, dictated to his third wife, Helen Mitchell Morosco, and written by her with the assistance of Leonard Paul Dugger, the book suffers from a stuffy, sanctimonious style which may be the fault of the authors but is also somewhat a reflection of the producer's personality. The writing is often pedestrian, and the treatment of important events vague and superficial. There is a good deal of trivia and irrelevant matter, and the recital of controversial incidents is obviously one-sided and stacked throughout. Yet for all its glaring faults the book holds one's interest, a revealing chronicle of show business for both the stagewise and the stage-struck.

Morosco, whose real name was Mitchell, took his professional tag from his theatrical tutor and benefactor, Walter Morosco, whose real name was Bishop. The latter, a colorful combination of acrobat-manager-producer, gave nine-year-old Ollie, in 1884, his first job as acrobat; introduced him into the business end of show business as a box-office clerk at eleven, and made Ollie, at sixteen, manager of a house, the youngest theatre manager in the United States. Oliver broke with the elder Morosco when he married Annie Cockrell, a housemaid, and went off to Los Angeles to make his fortune.

The book discusses in great detail Morosco's subsequent career, as a manager, playwright, songwriter, producer, and real estate magnate. He owned a string of coast theatres, and built a Morosco Theatre in both Los Angeles and New York. He produced "Bird of Paradise," which ran twelve years; "Peg O' My Heart," which earned him five millions; "So Long Letty," "Lombardi, Ltd.," "Cappy Ricks," "Canary Cottage," and many other hits. He gave unknowns like Eddie Cantor, Earl Carroll, Marjorie Rambeau, Bebe Daniels, Edmund Lowe, Leo Carillo, Fay Bainter, Warner Baxter, and Harold Lloyd their big chance. He started a film company in 1913 but failed to see filmdom's possibilities—a situation made more ironical when the movies helped him back on his feet after his Broadway collapse by buying his plays for talking films.

Morosco's family life was always unhappy. The long personal and legal battles with his first wife, Annie (credited by many with Morosco's original success), and his temporary idyll with his second wife, Selma, are set out frankly, with Annie coming off as unfavorably as Selma comes off well. The story of Morosco's fleecing by, and subsequent trial of, the stock promoters is handled vaguely, with no names and few dates given. This vagueness, however, is a fault predominant in the book.

A few actors and playwrights come off badly under Morosco's delineation, notably actress Marjorie Rambeau, "the unfortunate victim of an overzealous mother," who failed him twice, and J. Hartley Manners, author of "Peg O' My Heart," who "tried to steal my rights to the play."

To hail Morosco, as the book does, as "the last of that great theatrical triumvirate" along with Charles Frohman and David Belasco, is a little thick, Morosco never attaining the rank or prestige of the other two. The book's title, too, is a little self-conscious, the "Oracle of Broadway" never gaining much prominence as a nickname for Morosco.

Important names, the Shuberts, the Belascos, appear casually through the book, sketchy and undeveloped. The book could have been much more than it is, a study of the times, the social changes, theatrical backgrounds, the growth of the cities along with the theatres. It could have been a complete social study of the times and a picture of a fabulous era, but boils down to a smug, one-sided recital of a gullible, vain though interesting stage figure.

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## THE NEGRO WRITER AS SPOKESMAN

(*Continued from page 6*)

are thus taken from us and we have to admit at last that the only bar to the Negro is our own unwillingness to let him in, we begin to look to ourselves pretty small and mean!

The third kind of Negro who needs to be publicized in fiction is the Negro of superior powers—the genius. We know now that he exists. George Washington Carver has once and for all given the lie to the assertion that Negroes are inevitably of low mentality. Negro writers of fiction need to make us familiar with this kind of Negro. For genius wins our admiration. When it is combined with the warm, simple kindliness and self-effacingness of a George Washington Carver, it wins our affection. Whites are incurable hero worshippers. Any man who stands like a god among men has their vote. The trouble is that the white, in his mental vision of the Negro, sees too many Emperor Joneses and too few George Washington Carvers.

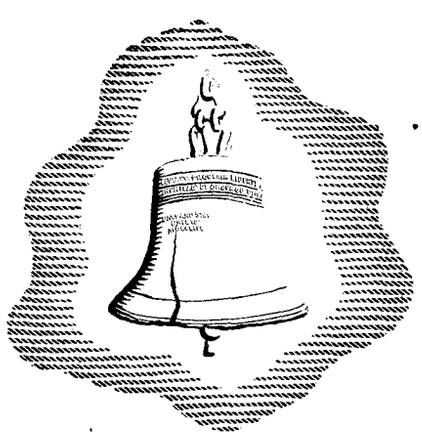
Close to the genius is the hero. American whites love bravery; admire and love the brave man and woman. Negro history has had its brave leaders, fighting for their people under the most heartbreaking conditions. But bravery is not confined to Negro leaders. It is part of the everyday conditions of Negro life. Every Negro boy, from the very beginning of his life, has to learn that he is in the midst of dangers and that he has to make his way through life in spite of them. Every Negro mother who brings her child into the world has to be brave to keep him going in a hostile environment. Every Negro man who loves his family and loves justice has to be brave enough to carry on in the midst of the most hideous injustice. Bravery is the Negro's middle name. The white child, man, or woman is practically never confronted with the terrors that are the daily portion of most Negroes.

TO build the image of brave Negroes is to bring them into the best of our white tradition. For a long time Americans had no use for the Chinese. They were too pacifistic. They wouldn't fight back. Now that the Chinese are fighting back with a heroism that is unprecedented, Americans have swung over to admiration. The Negro writer of fiction who can build images of brave Negroes will help to swing the whites over to admiration.

A fifth kind of Negro who needs publicizing is the effective organizer. The prevalent image we have of the Negro is that of the shiftless, no-account, lazy individual who, given a specific job to do, will do it if carefully supervised; but who is quite incapable of organizing his work and carrying it on by himself. White society lays stress on the organizing virtues. It is hard for the white man to conceive of working happily with individuals who have no organizing power whatever; who have to be directed in every least detail. Such individuals he regards as infants and treats with a mingled affection and contempt. The white man feels that such persons may be handy workers at simple, specific jobs, but that they are not personnel to be upgraded into managerial authority.

Great harm was done to the cause of the Negro by the collapse of Garvey's African venture. For a time Garvey seemed to be a great Negro organizer, able to appeal to the imagination of the Negro masses, collect great sums of money, buy ships, and negotiate with people in power. When the venture fell through and poor Garvey ended his days destitute and forgotten in a London slum, white men had their ready explanation: "That's the way it is with all niggers. No head for big undertakings."

In contrast with Garvey's failure, however, is such an outstanding case of organizational expertness as that of C. C. Spaulding, who, for twenty years, has been president of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company. This company now operates in eight states of the Union and is at the point of being licensed in New York, one of the most exacting states for a life insurance company to enter. Spaulding has likewise for many years been president of the Mechanics and Farmers Bank of Durham, North Carolina. This bank was the first in that state to be permitted to open its doors after the bank holiday. Fiction writers might well look to Negroes of this type as heroes in their novels.



We need the image of the Negro as public minded. Democracy depends for its success upon the presence of individuals who are able to think and act beyond their own limited interests. Much has been done to publicize the Negro who, in protest against white injustice, has worked for his own people; but little has been done to publicize the Negro who has worked among his own people: the nurse, teacher, minister, community neighbor. The novelist is peculiarly fitted to make such a character, working in humble surroundings and for humble ends, come alive in his pages. The white man must learn to think of the everyday Negro—not merely the fighting leaders—as having qualities of devotion to the common good that are essential to a democratic order of life.

FINALLY, we very badly need the image of the Negro and the white man working together for an end that has nothing to do with the racial issue. This image is found most vividly today on the battlefields. Enemy bullets make no Jim Crow distinction between blacks and whites: they tear the flesh of each with equal fatality. Again, the tommy gun of the Negro soldier can kill the enemy as effectively as the tommy gun of the white soldier. And when a colored soldier carries a wounded white soldier to safety his carrying is just as helpful and heroic as if the arms that did the carrying were white.

When the battle is on, the shameful Jim Crow rules of the army are scattered to the winds; and white and colored fight together as brothers in purpose and danger. This is the kind of image that needs to be multiplied among the whites.

Among children, we see white and colored play together in perfect harmony and unselfconsciousness. They do not stand suspiciously eyeing each other. They are absorbed in something outside themselves: the game they play. We need to see white and colored youths and adults in that kind of unselfconscious relationship.

In the choir of Harry Emerson Fosdick's church in New York sits a Negro singer among the whites. He is not hidden away in the back. He is placed prominently in the front row. No apologies are made for him on the church program. No appeasing words are offered to discriminationists who may be present. He simply sits with the choir and sings with the choir and that is that.

In the body of the church sit Negro worshippers. White and colored are



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there together engaged in a common act of devotion.

No reference is made to this as a crusade on the part of the church. If the Negroes sitting in the pews next to whites were made to think they were being crusaded for, they would feel most uncomfortable; and if the whites were made to think they were crusading, it would be rather bad for their souls. It is not at all that way. In the quiet hour of worship, Negroes and whites sit side by side; and that is that. The feeling one gets is that the whole thing is so natural it is comfortable and right.

IN spite of the differences between white and colored—and these differences are real—the two will have to build here in America a common culture. We need, therefore, the image of the two working together—and, when occasion requires it, fighting side by side. As we become accustomed to this—in fiction and in fact—we shall be the more ready to admit its perfect naturalness.

When any action of ours refuses to accept the naturalness of such joint involvement in common causes, it stands out like a sore thumb. The papers carried recently the report of a hospital incident that seemed starkly unnatural: a wounded white soldier, unable to feed himself, refused to be fed by a Negro nurse. An incident of this kind seems such an affront to what we recognize as fitting that it hits us with a shock. The situation calls for a mutual respect and mutual helpfulness of white and black; and any refusal to accept this fact must rate as not only an insult to the Negro nurse but as an embarrassment to all white soldiers of average good taste.

The writer of fiction is in a strategic position to change men's habits of thinking. In the case of most "social causes," the usual strategy is to try to argue people into new ways of thinking. But arguing with people whose convictions are radically different and deep-seated usually comes to little. No sooner does the arguer start arguing than the other person's defenses go up. The points that seem irrefutable to the arguer simply fall away, blunted against the walls of the other's resistance.

This is no argument against arguing. The more arguments in favor of good causes the better—and may luck go with them! But we need to realize that when we are interested in pushing a cause, we do well to consider our strategy. Coming away with weapons blunted against stone walls may make us feel very brave; but we ought also to have a glimmering sense that perhaps we were stupid.

The race problem is basically one involving prejudice; and where prejudice lives, reason cannot get in. The strategy of overcoming racial prejudice, therefore, cannot depend upon marshalling powerful reasons. Entrance into the prejudiced areas has to be effected by other means.

The story can turn the trick; for a rattling good story takes the reader by surprise on all fronts. His defenses are down; he is having a whale of a good time. If the characters are sympathetically drawn, he identifies himself with them. He lives through their adventures; suffers with their disappointments; triumphs in their successes.

Charles Lamb, it will be remembered, is said to have remarked that he didn't want to meet a certain person because if he met him he couldn't continue to hate him. A story is a way of getting people to meet people they otherwise would not want to meet. It can be a way of introducing the colored to the white; getting them to think together; to go through the same experiences together. It can be a way of getting the white actually to like the colored.

When a fight for a good cause is going on, the courageous individual wants to be in on it. Writers of fiction, who care about justice to the Negro, have seemed to feel that they must make their stories into weapons for the fight. Yet it might be wiser strategy for them to regard their stories as the means whereby people of both races could be induced to meet. The whites need to know the Negro and to like him. A special obligation, therefore, is upon the Negro writer to turn to the story as a means whereby he may make his people known.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," by Shakespeare.
2. Nanki-Poo, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
3. "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain.
4. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Adventure of the Empty House," by Conan Doyle.
5. "Mademoiselle De Maupin," by Theophile Gautier.
6. The Actor, in "The Guardsman," by Franz Molnar.
7. Lord Fancourt Babberly, in "Charley's Aunt," by Brandon Thomas.
8. Rosalind, in "As You Like It," by Shakespeare.
9. Joshua Smith, the Bishop of Benares, in "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy.
10. Saladin, in "The Talisman," by Sir Walter Scott.


MIDWEST BOOK NEWS

# The Book Business and its business boom

By Ralph Henry

*Carson Pirie Scott & Co. Chicago*

Guest Columnist

*What has happened to the book business?* Why are book sales this year more than double those of 1942? What will the demand for books be like when the war is over? These are questions that every bookseller, publisher, author and printer is thinking about nowadays.

*We know that people* have more money to spend; that people haven't enough gas coupons and are staying home nights (at least quite a few of them are); that a shortage of toys has turned customers toward the juvenile book counters. These factors have done much to help the upward curve on the sales chart, but they are not entirely responsible.

*War is an upsetting influence* on our mental complacency. Things that we were sure of are questioned and re-examined. We want to know the exact facts, as far as ascertainable, about peoples and governments and ideologies and our relations with other countries. We want to think things out for ourselves.

*We find helpful information* in a dictionary, an atlas, an encyclopedia or a history book. Soon we are vitally aware of the importance of books to clear thinking, and reading has become a habit.

*Our Army and Navy* have installed libraries in camps, ships, hospitals and resting places. Special handy-sized editions of many important books have been printed for these libraries. The men and women of our armed forces have become aware of the advantages and pleasures of reading.

*Will the book business* be good after the war? It should be, for we have become a nation of readers. The habit of reading is a lasting one and not easy to give up.

BOOK WEEK

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# The Phoenix Nest

CENTENARY

*(Gerard Manley Hopkins—Born July 28, 1844)*

THROUGH all the fissures of your appalled devotion,
language jetting—surf of afflicted sense
frothing—rush of an ocean of eloquence,
and, as illimitable archetype of that ocean,
Very God, constricted in mind and emotion,
in rote and ritual, yet deviser of all inscape; the ocean gathering to fall
whelming stark rock, gritting and grinding erosion,
seeping through arid thirsting—You and Yours,
to that sea salt, as alum, or as the smell
of walnutleaf to wide air—what Scotus knew
to be particular and integral—
But O the tenth wave of the deep no flesh endures,
on a hair hung, to plunge and thunder over you!

July 31, 1944

I am glad to print the following from Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of *The New York Times:*

Dear Mr. Benét:

I've read your gentle scolding of *The Times*
That you set forth so pleasantly in rhymes
But cannot understand why you'ld find solace
If we spoke firmer words to Henry Wallace.*

Like every human he is partly good
And partly bad, it should be understood.
We'd rather save our wrath for all those vermin
Like Quislings, Japanese and every German.

For when it comes to signing up a treaty
You'll find our editorials quite meaty;
There's really more behind our policy
Than being mean to Henry Wallace. See?

A graceful and delightful reply! Though I think *The Times* has consistently been less than generous to Henry Agard Wallace, one of the great Americans of our era. Nevertheless, I must also print the following:

TO A BIG-HEARTED COMMENTATOR

Arthur Krock sees a Castle in Spain
With "Caviare, Pompano, and Champagne."

A Worker may reach the dizzy ascendance
On Thirty-Five a Week, with Three Dependents!

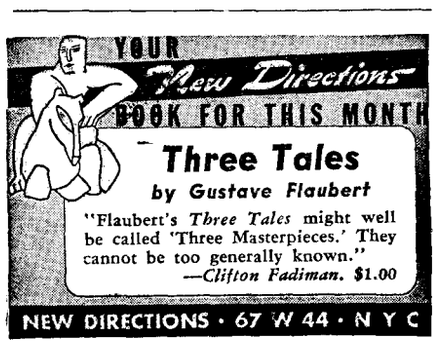
The *Workers* are the ones to mock—
So "Let 'em eat cake!" says Arthur Krock.

*I think you have misunderstood my song;
I'm all *for* Henry—please don't get me wrong!
W. R. B.

But there *is* a *Times* columnist I like; and I am glad to spread the glad tidings that, after years since "Belshazzar Court," in the year which marks his twentieth anniversary of joining the editorial staff of *The New York Times,* comes from the presses "No Mean City" *(and no mean book!)* by Simeon Strunsky.

The Welsh-English writer, Hilda Vaughan, whose husband, Charles Langbridge Morgan, wrote "The Fountain" and "Sparkenbroke," among other novels, while she herself (among other novels) wrote "Here Are Lovers" and "Harvest Home," has been working in London at getting war workers fed, while her husband works at the Admiralty. She asks a friend of mine whether any publisher over here has printed Robert Bridges's anthology, "The Spirit of Man," which she likes to give to friends in the fighting forces. I am under the distinct impression that the Oxford Press over here, down on lower Fifth Avenue, brought it out some time ago. I know I have a copy of the American edition which I cannot at the moment lay my hand on. Mrs. Morgan is, rightly, concerned about the food situation that is likely to arise in Europe once the Nazis are driven out, and I quote here what she has to say because I think it is worth consideration:

> As far as I can gather from the talk of several experts, Europe will be *worse* off, not better, after the peace is won, at any rate if the Nazis are able to devastate as it's to be feared they may. France, for instance, is still a producing country and has been allowed to eat whatever the Nazis don't steal. When they are gone, it's probable that no harvest, no cultivated fields, no livestock, no milk—*nothing,* may be left in their wake. And if houses and clothing, implements and almost everything else are destroyed, there will be no means of the wretched people producing again with enough speed to avert disease and famine on an appalling scale.
>
> Many of our well informed and compassionate American friends, now over here, greatly regret the comparative lack of rationing in the U. S. A. They say that only a drastic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"Flaubert's Three Tales might well be called 'Three Masterpieces.' They cannot be too generally known."
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rationing, applied without delay, and the building up of gigantic, nonperishable stores, can save a disaster which threatens some 240 millions of people between Russia and the Atlantic. They also say that the naturally generous folk "back home," who would not only submit to rationing, but would, for the most part, demand it, if the horror of the situation were more universally known, have not been told the truth. This, it seems, is because the politicians (on every side!) fear that added restrictions would be unpopular on the eve of a Presidential election. If this is *really* so, I can only hope and pray that your admirably organized charities are "getting on with the job," humanely indifferent to political considerations? Otherwise, help for the starving and half-clothed millions of Europe may come *too late*. When I remember all that was done for England by the E. S. U., British War Relief, Bundles for Britain, etc., I feel confident that the great generosity of the American people, which I and our family experienced, will rise to the occasion.

Mrs. Morgan's collection of wartime cats now numbers "Agag" (because she treads delicately!); Agag's two kittens, not yet named; "Old Black Blitz" (who came to her wounded and terrified in 1940-1941); "The Camp Follower" (of whom neighboring soldiers had made a pet and left behind them), and "Two Visitors." The Morgans are also threatened now with a dog, whose home is no more.

For the benefit of those who never came across the following poem by Witter Bynner, which originally appeared in the *New Republic*, I reprint it here from one of the carbons his brother Tim (once of "T Company," Yale SSS) has made and distributed:

DEFEAT

On a train in Texas German prisoners eat
With white American soldiers, seat by seat,
While black American soldiers sit apart—
The white men eating meat, the black men heart.
Now, with that other war a century done,
Not the live North but the dead South has won:
Not yet a riven nation comes awake.
Whom are we fighting this time, for God's sake?
Mark well the token of the separate seat—
It is again ourselves whom we defeat.

I wish that could be on billboards all over the country!

Starr Nelson the poet says that Witter Bynner wrote her that her poem "Will Cambridge," in a recent *SRL*, was "damn good," though she did not mean this last for publication; but it gives me an opportunity to tell a ghost story that she told me:

When I was a little girl I once lived in a haunted house. It was an old stone house in up-state New York. Unhappily I never knew at the time that it was haunted. My grandmother told me about it after we had moved away. She saw the ghost herself. She was very calm and matter-of-fact about it. He (the ghost) had on Colonial knee-breeches, and throat and wrist ruffles, and he carried a fiddle under one arm, my grandmother said. The oddest thing is this: when she was cleaning out an old boarded-up closet under the stairs, one day, she came across a dusty old canvas which when cleaned, turned out to be a painting of an old violin. I remember it vividly. We kept it for years, and I wish I knew what finally became of it. It was not a masterpiece of art, but the violin was very faithfully rendered. Maybe the gentleman in knee-breeches played it at local halls and cotillions. Maybe he loved that fiddle!

Speaking of fiddles, I recommend to Starr to hunt up a forgotten poem by Stephen Vincent Benét, which he wrote when in college, called "The Fiddling Wood." It is about a ghostly Paganini! It is, I think, in "Young Adventure."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A regrettable confusion on the part of the Editors is responsible for the error in last week's* SATURDAY REVIEW *through which the answer to Double-Crostic No.* 544 *appeared in the same issue as the puzzle itself, in place of the answer to No.* 543. *The answers to both last week's and the preceding week's appear below.*

**SOLUTION OF DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 543)**

JOHN ADAMS:
*TO HIS WIFE, ABIGAIL*
(IN BRAINTREE, MASS., FROM PHILADELPHIA, 25 SEPT., 1774)

Tedious indeed is our business—slow as snails. Fifty gentlemen meeting together, all strangers, are not acquainted with each other's language, ideas, views, designs. They are therefore jealous of each other—fearful, timid, skittish.

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 544)**

NEWBOLT:
*SACRAMENTUM SUPREMUM*

. . . . . Our work is nought;
On the last trench the fate of all may rest.

Drink, to our fathers who begot us men,
To the dead voices that are never dumb;
Then to the land of all our loves, and then
To the long parting and the age to come!


## *PERSONALS*

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

**"GREEN SHADOWS,"** Lyme, Connecticut. No accommodations before September 6.

**HOW CAN I FIND OUT?** Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

**YOUNG MAINE AUTHOR** interested in dwelling on southern or Californian estate. Occasional chores desired. Box 63-K.

**TYPING,** prompt. 50 cents—thousand. 15 cents discount over 10,000. Cecilia Adams, 807 42nd, Des Moines, Iowa.

**POSSESSING MORE GOOD TASTE** than money, my wife and I need studio or one-bedroom apartment in Washington, D. C., about October first. Box 47-K.

**LITERARY CONTEST:** Open to amateurs and professionals. Long stories $25. Short stories $20. Light essays or sketches $20. Poems $20. Send for rules or address manuscripts now to: "The Villager," Bronxville, New York.

**AMATEUR PHILOSOPHER:** The secret of happy living has been discovered at Mirror Lake Inn, Lake Placid. Recipe includes memorable meals, beach patio, sun terrace, ice skating, tennis, record library, game room, and the company of congenial people.

**WOMAN, THIRTYISH, PROGRESSIVE-**minded, with little or no soul, vitality (lots), would enjoy corresponding with men who are fun, fortyish and philosophical. New York State vicinity. Box 36-K.

**PROFESSIONAL MAN** desires correspondence with refined young woman interested in music and the finer things in life. Box 70-K.

**WRITER, INDIVIDUALIST** who believes in living for the moment. Recently returned from adventuring in Mexico, Central America. Seeks feminine correspondence. Fond of wine, women and song, but interested in everything. Box 71-K.

**LADY, GENTEEL,** desires room, kitchen privileges with refined woman or family. Box 72-K.

**VERSATILE YOUNG LADY,** twentyish, believing life worthwhile, wants stimulating letters from gentlemen. Box 73-K.

**COLLEGE GRADUATE** desires research, library, magazine work. Box 74-K.

**WHERE ARE YE,** ye mariners and mermaids? Master of a shapely schooner, vicinity Manhasset, thirtyish, invites fun-loving lads and lassies interested in boats, books, theatre, to correspond with him about cruises and week-end nautical adventures. Box 978-J.

**THE PHILADELPHIA BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CENTER** needs a secretary. Qualifications: bachelor's degree, intelligence, accurate typing, shorthand, foreign languages, noncommercial viewpoint. Write or phone at once.

**OVER THE HILLS** and somewhere away is an earth-bound, humor-endowed male who likes thinking, talking, people, autumn, the arts, the sciences and letters. Please write ditto young female. Box 75-K.

**DO YOU KNOW** workable "out" for intelligent, confused, scared, young woman? NOT religion. Box 76-K.


(*Continued on page* 30)



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## PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 29*)

**PT SKIPPER** and expectant wife seek pleasant furnished apartment convenient to Brooklyn Navy Yard. $60-70 rental. 3 months minimum tenure. Box 78-K.

**FOR THE RECORD:**
Europe will be at peace, her war be done,
When the Moon's mansion is in Nine and One,
When, with the Boar and Ape in lasting tether,
Both the Week's last and second walk together.
—Lewes Thorpe.

**LONG LETTERS** in small penmanship appreciated by Bookworm. Box 77-K.

**WANTED:** Complete works of Ambrose Bierce. Box 112-K.

**WANTED: WALDEN** or Concord Editions of complete works of Thoreau. Box 79-K.

**WOMAN** to share attractive, spacious, three-room apartment, Richmond Hill, thirty-five minutes trip from Pennsylvania Station, New York City. Companionship more important than rent-sharing. Box 80-K.

**WOMAN FORTYISH**, New York State. Teaching, but not schoolmarmish; religious, but not self-righteous. Would enjoy correspondence with gentleman interested in out-of-doors, books, current affairs. Box 81-K.

**ALERT YOUNG WOMAN**, professional, interested music, psychology, traveling, invites intelligent correspondence with professional man, fortyish. Box 82-K.

**MANHATTAN AUTHOR** promises fun, beer, skittles, and pay to a youngster who will take dictation directly on typewriter five afternoons a week. Man or woman. Hours to suit. Reply in full. Box 83-K.

**GHOST WRITER DESIRES WORK.** Can produce an alive product. Box 84-K.

**DESIRE ENGLISH POSITION** in school that has executive interested in collaborating on writing post-war texts. Box 85-K.

**SELLING GODEY'S BOOK**, 1845. Write Parkinson, Hood Avenue, Chicago, 31.

**WOMAN, CULTURED, EXPERIENCED,** desires pleasant position in bookstore. Excellent references. Box 86-K.

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BACHELOR** seeks adventure in correspondence with similarly located gentleman re mountain hikes, literature, music, people, theater. Box 87-K.

**WIDOW, FORTYISH**, healthy but not wealthy, intelligent but not intellectual, would welcome letters from lonely but sincere males. Box 88-K.

**GENTLEMAN** with pain in neck from noisy, stupid city with its synthetic, smiling faces seeks week-end place, one hour from New York. Nature, silence, freedom preferred to "delightful meals with lovely surroundings." Box 89-K.

**WANTED: EDITORIAL WORK** that can be done IN ABSENTIA. Fully qualified, competent, experienced, college teacher, 42, seeks opportunity to read, edit, write. Box 90-K.

**PENNSYLVANIAN**, bereft of illusions, but vibrant, needs a feminine correspondent. Box 91-K.

**AN INTROVERTED BACHELOR**, thirtyish, invites correspondence from women in similar circumstances. Box 92-K.

**SECRETARY, GENERAL FACTOTUM.** Natural ability to tackle any job requiring horse sense. Educated, well-read, extremely versatile and generally alert. Anywhere, provided work interesting and salary commensurate, but New York preferred. Box 93-K.

**QUIET RETREAT** for $2500. New England saltbox in scenic New York setting. Brick-lined. Five rooms. Entrances two levels. Electricity. Soft water pumped into kitchen. Oil heater. Deep stone well. 1½ acres. Running brook. Includes wooded hill overlooking Rondout Creek. Deep water docking. Swimming, fishing, boating. 3 miles Kingston. 15c bus fare. $25 taxes. Terms: All cash. Box 98-K.

## PERSONALS

**TWO-IN-ONE.** Secretary, trouble-bearer, plus. Job wanted next few weeks. Country. Excellent cook. Box 94-K.

**BACHELOR**, amusing, young, good manners, advertising executive, will pay liberal share of rent for furnished Manhattan apartment in exchange for comfortable housing two nights each week. Box 95-K.

**OHIOAN**, allergic to ennui, thirtyish, single, interested in Latin America, photography, good literature, poetry, desires congenial correspondence with attractive young woman, preferably this locality. Box 96-K.

**PROFESSIONAL MAN**, often visits big city, seeks sparkling correspondence with alert, sophisticated, not too youthful women. Box 97-K.

**ARTISTS, MODELS OR KINDRED** join Social Sketch Exchange. Age, distance or experience no barrier. Box 99-K.

**YOUNG COLLEGE WOMAN**, legal and literary secretarial experience, knowledge German, seeks interesting employer, guaranteed non-bore. Box 100-K.

**YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT** (budding), honorably discharged, will swap ideas on Poe, Wagner, Hart Crane with another New York Stater. Box 101-K.

**CAREER-MINDED MAN** would like to exchange letters with woman, twentyish, thirtyish, who would encourage him despite hardships in composing music. Box 102-K.

**REFINED, CULTURED, MATURE WOMAN** looking for position as secretary or companion to congenial person. University references. Box 103-K.

**EXPERIENCED SECRETARY** desires position, literary preferred. Has also done research, editing, and independent writing. Box 104-K.

**INTELLIGENT YOUNG LADY**, possessing advantages of writing ability, college background, and thorough secretarial training, seeks position with future in related field. Box 105-K.

**ASPIRING ARTIST**, very young (feminine), craves enlightening correspondence with College Art students (masculine). Box 106-K.

**YOUNG MARRIED TEACHER** of English and French, interested in writing, criticism, seeks position in Boston. Box 107-K.

**WOMAN SECRETARY**, trained and experienced in personnel management, wants exacting job with publishing executive or editor in New York City. Box 108-K.

**YOUNG MAN, TWENTYISH**, desires correspondence with own gender. Box 109-K.

**WANTED: BOOK PUBLISHER**, man, capable conducting good-sized book publishing operation. Must be able to pick up popular material. Well experienced in book publishing business, particularly in children's books, Bible stories, technical books, etc. Salary $10,000 with excellent future. Box 817, Suite 617, 1457 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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**OLD GERMAN PRINT** of Adam and Eve, price $150. No dealers. United Sales Co., 615 Franklin Street, Reading, Pa.

**LOUISIANS WIDOW**, fiftyish, desires correspondence with opposite sex of same age and nearby vicinity. Box 110-K.

**WILL YOUNG WOMAN** write 4F-er who seeks vital correspondence? Box 111-K.

## CLASSIFIED

*ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

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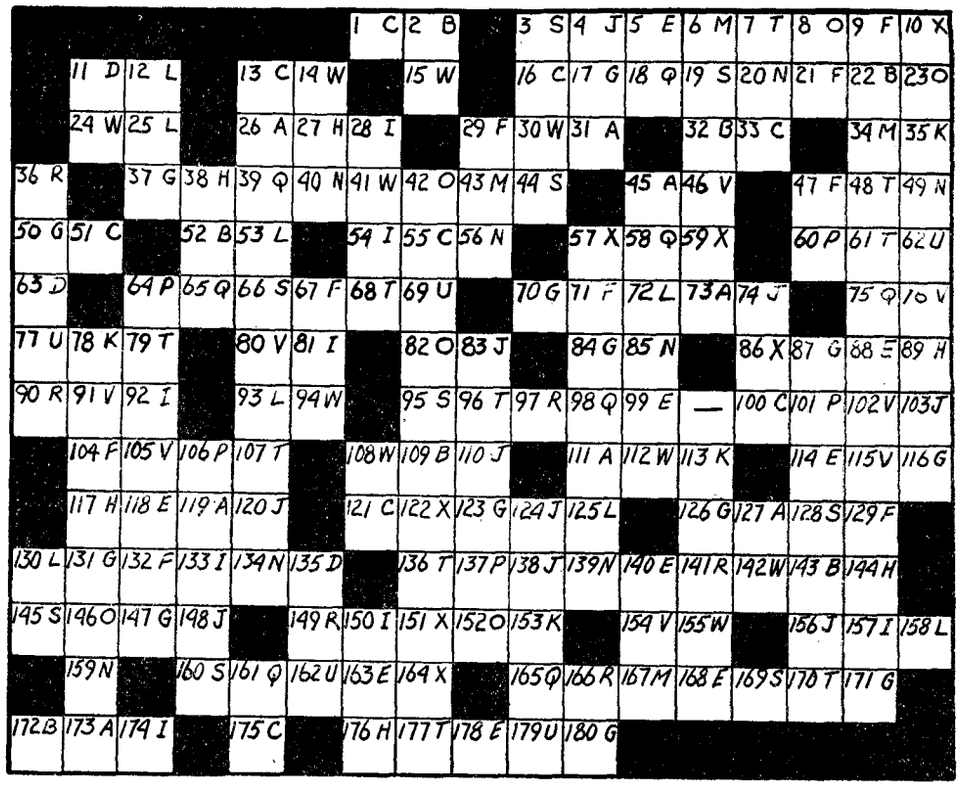
# The Crostics Club

A LETTER from a New Yorker whose husband has since figured much in the day's doings, notes that she has done all our books and adds: "I hope the next volume will be more carefully edited." Time hasn't permitted my asking her for details, but I shall. Meanwhile her challenge affords me an opportunity to discuss briefly with you the tremendous work involved in the compilation of even one of our simple DC Series.

First, I wonder what she means by "editing." If to select and arrange matter for publication, then I am the culprit; if to modify by excision, curtailment, etc., then the very keen, competent, broadly-experienced Mrs. X., who for several years has gone over my work, conferred with me as to errors or proposed changes the better to fit the limitations of the printed page, and proof-read it before its final printing, is to blame; or perhaps the printer who may have disregarded her directions is involved; or finally the times are responsible, for it is all too true, despite scoffers who say that we lay all the errors to the war, that insufficient, incompetent, inexperienced workers have had to fill the gaps made by war's inroads. It would be helpful to put our finger on the trouble and then if it were possible to remedy it.

Briefly, at the risk of giving you old stuff, this is our procedure today: ( I say "today," because the first books in our Series were published without the oversight they should have warranted and abounded in annoying errors). Fifty-one quotations are selected covering the general subject of the Series, to fit the puzzle and the page limitations. The quotations are broken up into words. (Don't forget I am on my eighteenth book!) The numbers are distributed so as to avoid putting two from a quotation word into any one word in the definitions, and to give you proper clues. Last minute changes occasionally void these cautions. A check-up in red pencil follows to be sure that all numbers have been used and no one number used twice. (It is amazing what tricks numbers can play!) The work thus far done now goes into the rough diagrams for the artist who reproduces them for the bookplates. As a safety measure, I always work the puzzle back into the diagram before I give it to the artist. Definitions are looked up and the rest of the puzzle copied for the typist; I revise, and curtail as I proceed. The typist's returned work is checked. Finally, the typist's corrected work and the completed diagrams are turned over to Mrs. X., who works the puzzles into copies of the artist's diagrams, and confers with me about changes before the whole goes to the printer and is returned to her for final proofreading. E. S. K.




# Double-Crostics: No. 545

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

**DIRECTIONS**

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 29 of this issue.**

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. A Russian lyric poet ranked next to Pushkin (1803-73). | 111 26 173 45 73 127 31 119 |
| B. Possessing only small coins; impoverished. | 52 172 109 143 32 22 2 |
| C. A niggard; a miserly person. | 16 13 33 121 55 1 175 100 51 |
| D. Nephew of Mrs. Partington in title by B. P. Shillaber (1879). | 11 63 135 |
| E. Originally a ballroom dance for couples, resembling the quadrille. | 163 178 99 118 168 88 140 114 5 |
| F. Metropolitan opera mezzo-soprano and radio singer (1904-). | 9 67 29 104 47 71 132 21 129 |
| G. Welsh rebel against Henry of Bolingbroke (Henry IV; see Shakespeare) (full name). | 37 70 147 123 171 17 131 50 116 84 126 87 180 |
| H. To become detached suddenly (2 wds.) | 117 89 144 27 38 176 |
| I. To be exhausted, unserviceable, etc. (3 wds.; slang). | 54 81 92 157 133 150 28 174 |
| J. Having the teeth separated into molars, incisors, etc., as in mammals. | 74 120 124 138 110 4 148 83 156 103 |
| K. A sword-weapon used in fencing and dueling (Fr.) | 113 35 153 78 |
| L. A constable or bailiff. | 12 72 130 125 158 93 25 53 |
| M. Greek letter of alphabet. | 167 34 6 43 |
| N. Irish or an Irishman. | 139 49 134 56 20 40 159 85 |
| O. A woman who advises a statesman (satirical). | 23 82 146 152 42 8 |
| P. Shabbily clothed. | 64 137 101 106 60 |
| Q. Having or showing good spirits. | 165 98 18 58 161 39 65 75 |
| R. Food regarded as to its quality; consuming. | 166 36 149 90 141 97 |
| S. Wanting in ability for the end in view. | 169 145 3 19 160 128 66 44 95 |
| T. The best or largest part (2 wds.) | 177 96 61 170 136 79 48 68 7 107 |
| U. The dentine of the teeth of mammals. | 162 77 179 62 69 |
| V. Unwillingness. | 91 46 115 154 80 105 76 102 |
| W. The vesper sparrow (2 wds.) | 142 30 15 14 155 108 24 94 41 112 |
| X. To render soft or mellow, as a line or tint (Painting). | 86 59 164 151 10 122 57 |



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*announces*

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